UG. 3,
1940

Liberty

5¢

HE WAR DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH by MAVIS COX

HAT I THINK OF HITLER by MAHATMA GANDHI

BROADWAY QUIZ by WALTER WINCHELL

IF IT'S *LOVE* YOU'RE AFTER . . .

IF IT'S LOVE you're after—and when you come right down to it who isn't—remember this Number 1 rule: Don't be careless about your breath.

Without an agreeable breath, your charm, personality, good looks, and attractive clothes count for little. Just ask yourself: Could you be interested for long in a man whose breath would knock you down? Of course you couldn't! Nor could you expect a man to be interested in you if your breath were off-color.

Guard Against It

Don't take foolish risks in friendships, romance, and popularity. It's often so easy to put your breath on the more agreeable side with Listerine. And the precaution is as easy as it is delightful.

Before business and social engagements, just rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Almost immediately your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

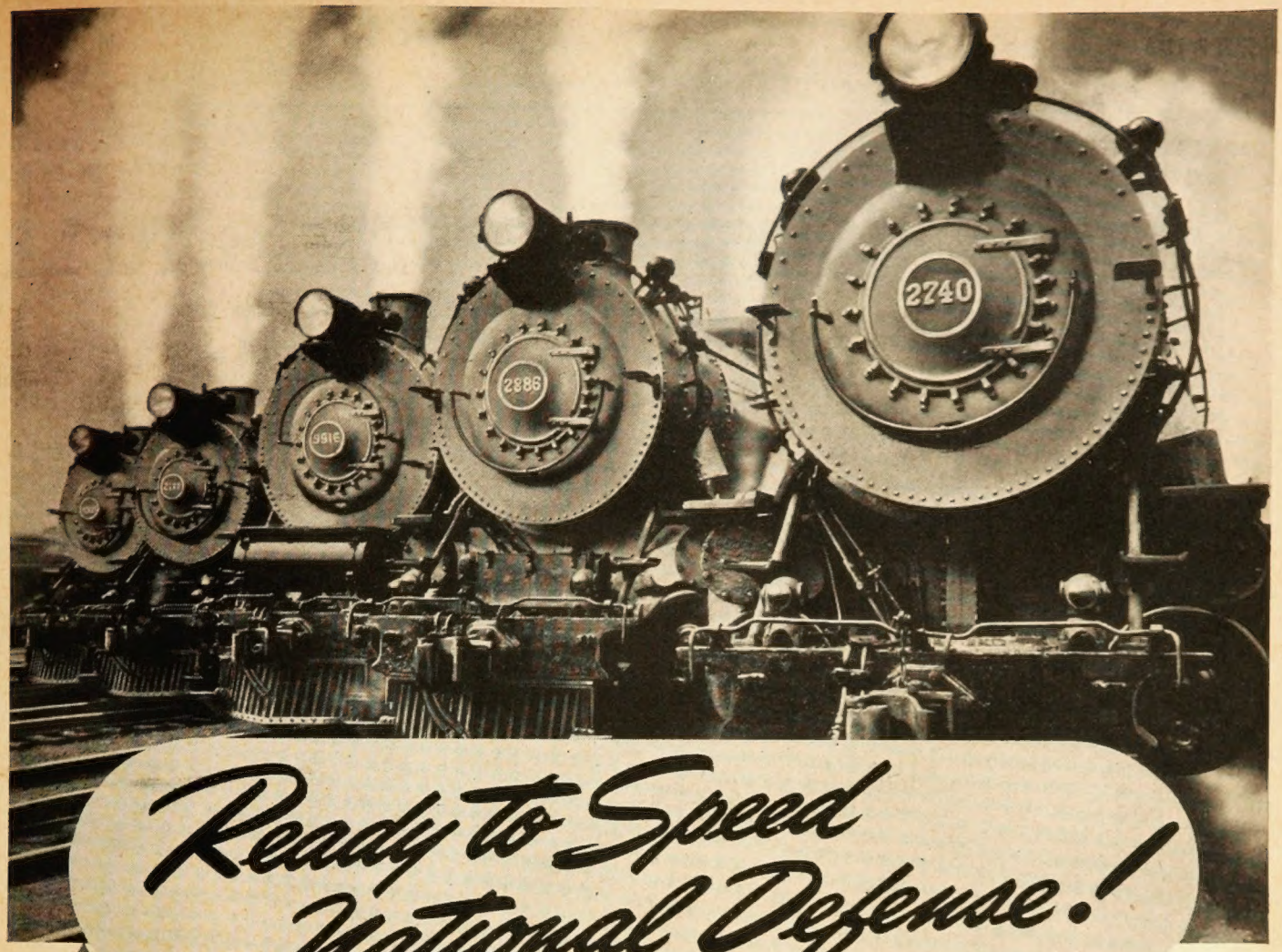
Halts Fermentation Quick

Listerine Antiseptic halts fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth (a major cause of breath odors* according to some authorities) and then overcomes the odors themselves.

Don't forget this easy, pleasant, invigorating Listerine Antiseptic precaution. It may mean the difference between an evening that's a wonder and one that's a washout . . . a boyfriend who's *for* you instead of *against* you. If you've got a date tonight, remember Listerine Antiseptic.

**Other cases of halitosis may be due to systemic conditions which call for the advice of your physician.*

LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)



Ready to Speed National Defense!

EVERY loyal American wants to see his country prepared to meet any emergency — and a strong nation needs strong railroads.

The very size of the United States and the need for mass movement of men and supplies over long distances make railroads the foundation of national defense, as well as of our normal transportation system. Other forms of transport which ordinarily haul about one-third of our commerce supplement the railroads, but cannot take their place.

So it's sensible to ask, how is the nation's No. 1 transportation set for doing its job?

And a compact answer to that question is:

In speed and operating efficiency the American railroads today are at the highest peak in their history.

That's a strong statement. Here are the facts—

The average speed of freight trains today is 62 per cent higher than in 1920, at the close of the first World War period. Today, each freight train actually performs more than twice as much transportation service as twenty years ago.

Operating efficiency was tested and proved between August and October 1939, when the railroads handled *the biggest increase in traffic ever recorded in so short a stretch of time*—and handled it with such smoothness and skill that in the busiest week there was a daily average of 64,299 surplus freight cars in good order and ready for duty.

All this didn't just happen. Despite lean years railroads have recognized and met their obligation to keep fit. Heavier rails have been laid, better equipment has been developed, new terminal facilities have been installed, literally billions of dollars have been put into better and more efficient plant and equipment.

In the operating end, new methods have been developed for having cars available for loading whenever and wherever freight is ready to move — and for sorting and speeding freight cars through classification yards at a rate as high as 1 car in every 12 seconds.

And as an example of how the railroads are equipping themselves to handle increased traffic, consider this fact: In the first six months of 1940, they placed in service more new freight cars than in any like period in the past ten years.

All of which shows that railroad men know their business—and are awake to their responsibilities.

As an essential arm of national defense the railroads should be strengthened and supported by sound and impartial public transportation policies.

★ ★ ★

TRAVEL AMERICA — by Rail

See your ticket agent about Grand Circle Tour!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D.C.

AUGUST 3, 1940 **Liberty** VOL. 17, NO. 31

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

BERNARR MACFADDEN WANTS TO BE SECRETARY OF HEALTH

BERNARR MACFADDEN

For more than half a century I have been teaching and preaching the value of dynamic health to the English-speaking world.

Although I was born in Missouri, my publishing and lecturing career began in England in 1896. I am as well known in England as a health crusader as I am in this country.

I have watched the gradual physical decline of the English-speaking peoples with a great deal of concern. I have issued innumerable warnings through lectures, radio addresses, and in the various Macfadden publications, and thousands, even millions of people have changed their lives due to my efforts. But the great multitude have had no opportunity to learn these vital truths.

I visited England shortly after the Munich conference, and the difference between England in 1896 and the England of our day was indeed pitiful to contemplate. In London you find the same slim, undeveloped, underfed girls that are so plentiful in the streets of New York. The tall, broad-shouldered, huskily built men and the red-cheeked lassies of bygone days have mostly disappeared. The English-speaking people, throughout the world, have become victims of the coddling age.

Our health authorities have specialized in the study and cure of diseases; but the building of health beyond normal functioning has had but little interest for them. We rely too much on healing, and do too little for positive health building. What is needed to build health in this country is a Minister of Public Health, functioning outside the medical profession. This new office should be consecrated to building a strong, virile people. It should be free of politics and profit.

To give our readers an idea of the enormity of existing restrictions, I have studied the laws of various states affecting the healing art, the vitality-building procedures of all states on public health, and I find that I could not give advice on the subject, on which I am an outstanding expert, without going to jail if the laws were strictly enforced.

As much as we may hate the guiding force back of Germany's efforts, they have made an all-time world's record, and it is due to the rigid discipline through the building of superb man power . . . the development of which has been so disgracefully ignored by the English-speaking world.

I have had to endure the severely caustic criticism that comes to every crusader, but I have lived to see nearly every principle for which I have fought accepted by the general public.

When I was sixty years of age I secured a million-dollar insurance policy, with one examination each from two physicians. In my seventy-second year I successfully passed an examination given by a government physician as a transport pilot. And there was no inheritance of longevity in my family. Both of my parents died when I was a child. My two sisters passed away more than a quarter of a century ago.

As a successful executive I have a record in the publishing field of more than forty years. I was given the highest honors that were conferred on a foreigner, by Italy and Portugal, for physical-improvement demonstrations with their young citizens.

I have referred before to a demonstration that I carried on in Alabama, in connection with the American Legion, which, if extended to all other states, would have given two or three million underprivileged boys athletic training. The government failed to take advantage of this demonstration. As a deterrent of crime, it could hardly have been improved upon.

Not only could the Secretary of Health operate without commercializing of the healing art, but he could combine all athletic groups into one great organization, with a view of building a nation of people that will have the same fighting spirit—the same grim determination—which gave the country its original impetus in pioneer days.

There is nothing now more important in this country than the health of the general public—the superb physical status that gives us vigorous men and strong, well built, vital women.

There should be a place in the President's Cabinet for a Secretary of Health, and he should not be bound by the creed of one particular profession.

And my application is herewith presented for that job.

Bernarr Macfadden

See Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest, Page 55

Conditional permission to copy and publish this editorial is hereby granted provided such publication is for editorial use only, and is accompanied by the notice "Copyright, 1940, by Macfadden Publications, Inc."

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 58

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.
Copyright, 1940, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

Sounds too good to be true: Our low price on this finest "G-3" All-Weather!

TO protect America's car owners Goodyear stands firmly against any unwarranted increase in tire prices. And to show how much we mean it, we're keeping prices LOW on our latest "G-3" All-Weather — *the sturdiest, safest, longest-wearing tire that ever carried this world-famous name.*

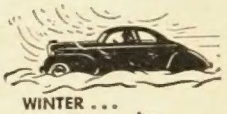
How can we sell this better tire at today's low figure in face of higher material costs? Because months ago Goodyear cut overhead to the bone by equipping its factories with the most efficient modern machinery . . . by streamlining sales and distribution methods . . . by consolidating branches. Such Spartan economy enables us to give you extra value at a price that makes this first-line "G-3" *the greatest buy on the market for so little money.* Sounds too good to be true, but on your wheels this new "G-3" will quickly prove this truth: *GOODYEAR TIRES ARE AS GOOD AS YOU THINK, AND COST FAR LESS THAN YOU IMAGINE!*

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IT HAS BEEN TRUE: MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

YOU NEED THE ALL-SEASON SAFETY OF THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR TREAD

Today's year-round motoring demands tires that offer maximum safety under ALL weather and road conditions. That is why the Goodyear All-Weather has been the world's most popular non-skid tread for 25 consecutive years — *experience proves it safest against all slip and skid hazards!* Look at its deep-cut center traction tread that gives you grip where you need it — and you'll see why.

FALL . . . rain . . . sleet



WINTER . . . snow . . . ice

SPRING . . . mud . . . rain

SUMMER . . . sand and gravel detours

PLUS THESE OTHER BANNER FEATURES

LONG NON-SKID MILEAGE — *flat thick tread—wide riding ribs — more rubber on the road.*

QUICK STOPPING AND STARTING — *deep non-skid blocks in center of tread for firm grip.*

NO SLIP ON CURVES — *heavy shoulder blocks resist sliding.*

TOUGHER TREAD — *new engineering gives "G-3" increased resistance to cuts.*

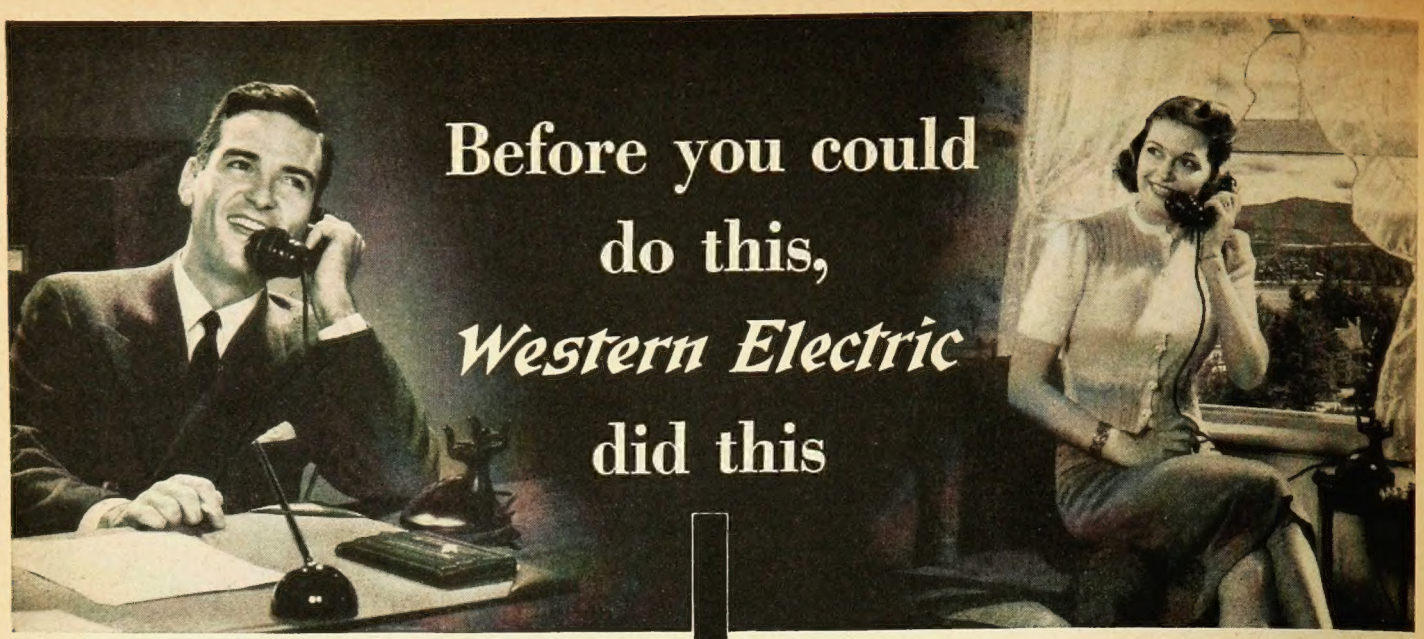
GREATER BLOWOUT PROTECTION — *new stronger low stretch Supertwist cord in every ply.*

SMART APPEARANCE — *prismed sidewalls, wide decorative ribs.*

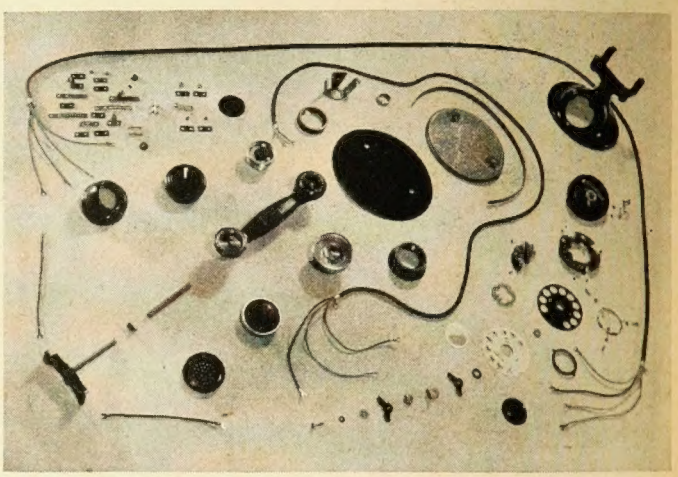
All-Weather, Supertwist—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

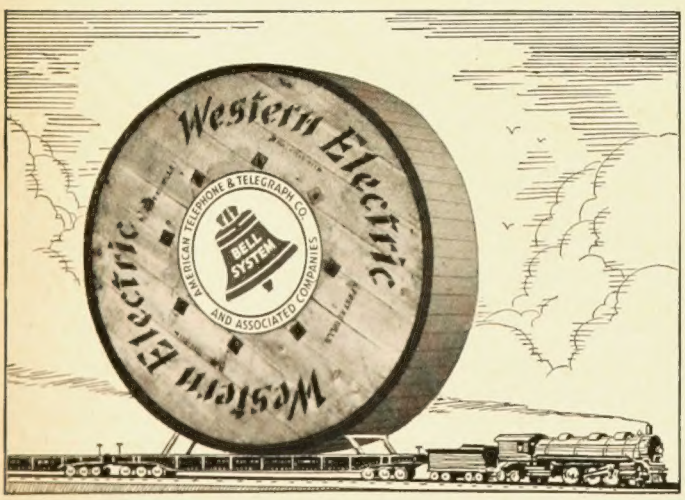
GOODYEAR



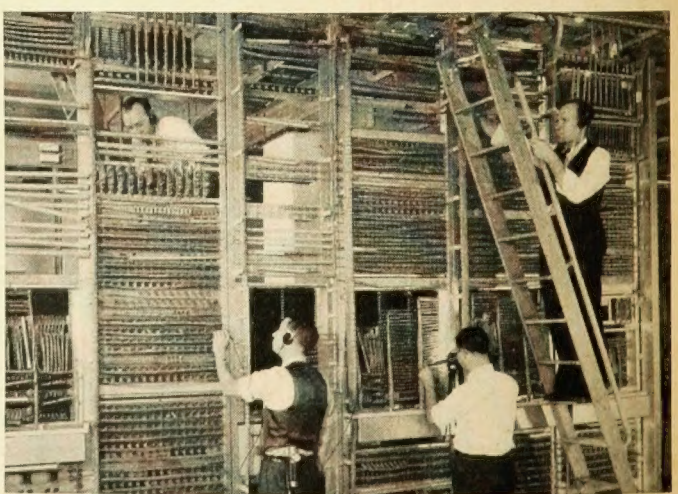
BOUGHT poles, trucks, copper: more than 100,000 things entering into telephone service. Purchasing is one of four responsibilities of Western Electric in the Bell System.



MANUFACTURED and assembled 326 pieces to make your telephone. Western Electric produces 43,000 different designs of apparatus for the nationwide Bell Telephone service.



DELIVERED all these products to your telephone company. This giant reel represents the amount of cable alone shipped to New England to repair the '38 hurricane damage.

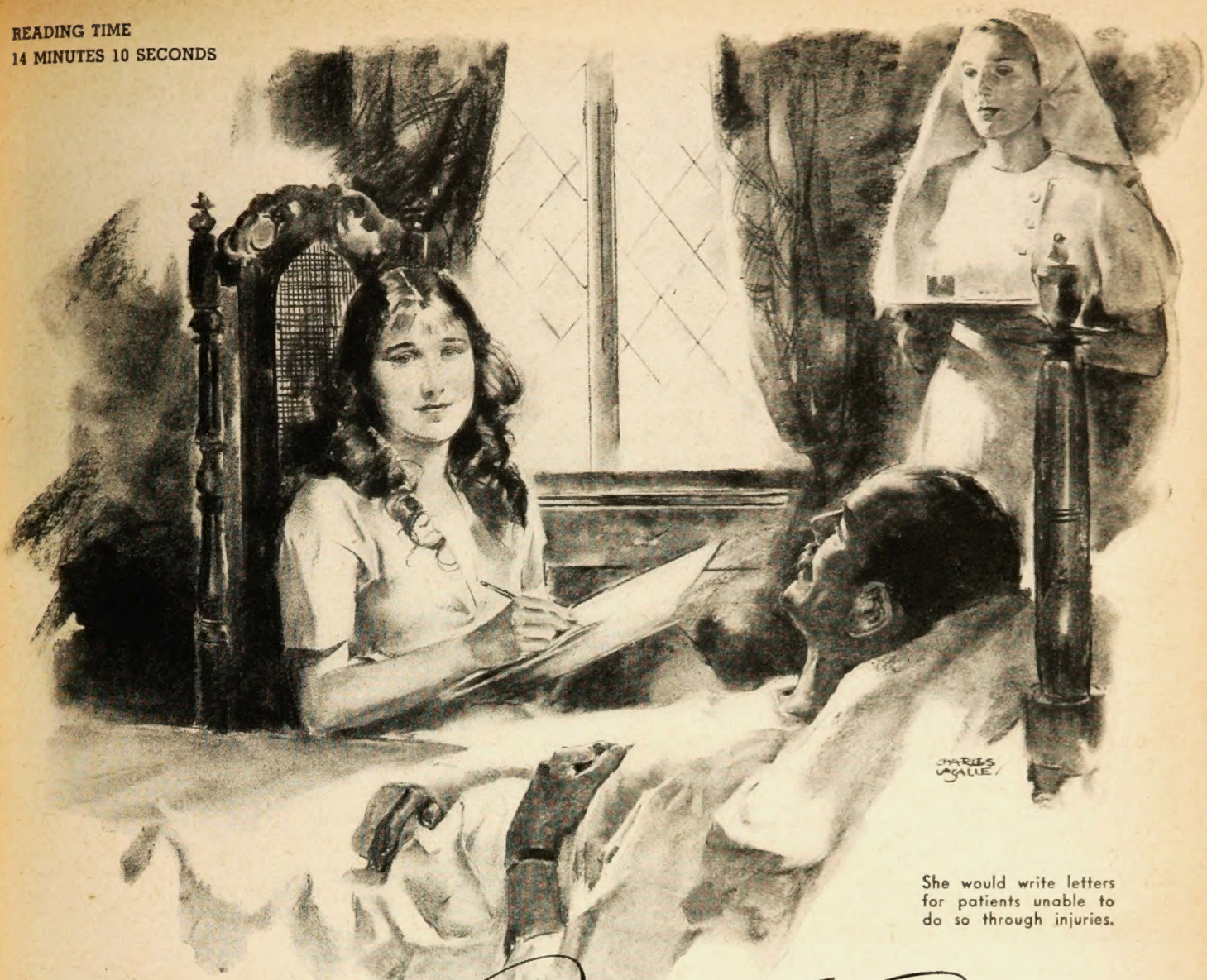


INSTALLED telephone central offices, those intricate switching centers containing in a single exchange thousands of miles of wire and millions of electrical connections.

Western Electric

. . . is back of your Bell Telephone service

READING TIME
14 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



She would write letters for patients unable to do so through injuries.

The War Days of Queen Elizabeth

Beginning the intimate, revealing story of a woman's royal courage

PART ONE—DARK HOURS AT BALMORAL

SHORTLY before the outbreak of the present war, a letter was received by Sir Nevile Henderson, British Ambassador to Germany. It was from a German mother, containing an appeal to the Queen of England, and asking if it might not be possible for Her Majesty to use her influence in Christian circles to alleviate the sufferings of German children under the Nazi regime, especially from the poisoning of their minds with malicious propaganda and the malnutrition of their bodies. It was signed, "A German Mother who is of one mind with very many Christian parents."

One of the weakest spots in the Nazi morale lies in the fact that Germany has no woman representative of the feminine section of her public.

If King George VI happened to be a bachelor monarch, the women of Great Britain would still have rallied to the national cause, but the fact that Great Britain has such a woman as Queen Elizabeth as titular head of the three most important units of women's voluntary services is a wartime factor, the value of which cannot be overestimated.

Constitutionally, of course, the Queen takes no part in the political life of her country. As consort of the monarch, she ranks as First Lady in the Land, but she seldom attends Parliament, is never present at a Privy Council, nor takes part in the conduct of state business, except on such a rare occasion when the King happens to be abroad, or is incapable

BY MAVIS COX

of dealing with affairs of state owing to ill health.

On the other hand, King George very often consults his Queen privately on matters relating to the ruling of his kingdom, especially when the issue is one that concerns the women of the nation.

Being Queen of England is one of the most difficult and trying tasks in the world. In wartime especially it is onerous for, owing to the fact that Her Majesty must always be in the limelight, she must be incessantly on her guard against anything which may serve as a basis for some propaganda attack by the enemy.

The women of Great Britain have much to be thankful for in their Queen. Ancestry and lineage have had, of course, a good deal to do with her success on the throne. She comes from one of the most illustrious families in the British aristocracy. Her family tree is studded with famous names in Scottish history, and her ancestors have distinguished themselves on innumerable occasions in the service of England. War is by no means new to her. She comes of fighting stock. There is little doubt but that she will acquit herself as gallantly in the present war as any of her ancestors have done in the past.

Queen Elizabeth paid several private visits to her old home during the dark days of August, 1939, when the war clouds were gathering in Europe. In the familiar galleries of Glamis Castle, with the tall portraits of her ancestors looking down on her, she probably found solace for her sadness at the prospect of her country being once again at war; and as she walked through the rooms which held so many happy memories of her childhood and girlhood, she undoubtedly derived strength and courage to face the problems of the future.

And when she drove through the beautiful scenery of her native Scotland, she saw on all sides preparations for the pending conflict—the digging of trenches and the building of air-raid shelters.

IT is a coincidence that she was born while England was at war, and that it was on her fourteenth birthday that the first Great War against Germany was declared. Her home was then immediately turned into a hospital for the wounded soldiers, under the direct supervision of her mother. Lady Elizabeth soon became the life and soul of it.

She would write letters for men unable to do so through injuries. One of her patients dictated a letter in which he told his wife that he "was recovering; that he hoped to be home before very long; and that he liked his surroundings." Having written this down, his young amanuensis waited expectantly.

"That will be all, my lady," he said.

"But don't you want to send her your love?" she asked in surprise.

"No," came the perfectly serious answer. "If I did that, she'd think I was dying. Just end it. 'Hoping this finds you as it leaves me at present —Bert.'"

Always, when men were leaving in ambulances from Glamis, Lady Elizabeth would be standing on the steps to wave a last farewell. Her final words were always the same. She would shake the soldier by the hand and say, quietly and sincerely, "Good-by, soldier. Fare you well."

The time spent among the wounded at Glamis has given her an understanding of human suffering, of the quiet heroism and courage which is such a characteristic of the British soldier, that it would have been impossible to obtain otherwise.

SHORTLY after six o'clock on the evening of Thursday, August, 24, 1939—eleven days before the outbreak of war against Nazi Germany, Balmoral Castle, Scottish home of the British Royal Family, was the scene of a significant departure.

All that day the private telephone lines which connect Buckingham Palace and Balmoral had been busy. Hour after hour King George VI studied the dispatches which reached him in relays from his capital. The fate of England was in the balance, and there was one question dominant in everybody's mind: Is war coming?

Early in the morning, the urgency of the news from London decided the King that he must return immediately, so as to be with his ministers in this period of crisis. He told the Queen his decision at breakfast. Believing, even then, that the war clouds might blow over, His Majesty was of the opinion that she should stay at Balmoral a few days longer with the children, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose. These little girls were rather disappointed when they heard that "daddy" had to break off his holiday and return to London, but they were both so accustomed to the exigencies of state, despite their age, that they accepted their father's departure with becoming grace.

A few telephone calls were made to the railway authorities, notification was sent to the housekeeper to prepare the King's private apartments at Buckingham Palace, word was sent to the local police and to Scotland Yard that the King would be traveling south, and all the preparations were completed. When King George travels, there is one vital part of his arrangements which the Queen rightly sees to herself: his meals while he is traveling. If the King is using the royal train, there is, of course, a kitchen to serve his meals, but when he makes an unexpected journey, as on this occasion, and only uses the royal saloon, the Queen sees that a well stocked hamper is made up.

Balmoral Castle was looking very medieval in the long summer twilight as the Daimler car slid noiselessly to the main door.

Donning a heavy tweed coat—bending to allow the Queen to adjust the scarf round his neck—King George said farewell to his wife and children and, running down the massive stone steps, jumped into the waiting automobile. A few seconds later he had disappeared round the bend of the drive, waving to the little group who were gathered there to wish him Godspeed on his journey south.

The clouds thickened and war became inevitable.

Four days later the King gave way to his wife's insistence, and arranged for her return to London. As she drove from the station to Buckingham Palace, crowds lined the route to cheer her, and to show her that, although war was probably only a matter of hours, her subjects were certainly not downhearted.

Arriving at the palace, she discovered that the King had waited for breakfast with her.

She was anxious to hear from the King exactly in what way she herself could be of use. King George had, of course, already discussed this question at a Privy Council, and it was therefore possible to draw up a program in which the Queen could inspire and encourage the British public and those engaged in national service by a series of visits to A. R. P. (Air-Raid Precautions) and other wartime centers.

Then, with her usual common sense, the Queen set about organizing her own department in such a way that immediately war was declared, she could direct her own war work into the most productive channels.

ON September 2, the very eve of war, she paid a visit to A. R. P. centers in the city of Westminster. No one knew she was coming, and at several of the posts she suddenly walked in on wardens of both sexes, many of whom had been on duty for the last twenty-four hours without a break. One young warden who was caught shaving himself hastily jammed his tin helmet on his head, and reached for his coat, forgetting that his face was still covered with lather.

With a twinkle in her eye, the royal visitor turned to him and said, "Please don't let me disturb you. . . . Just carry on."

She asked questions right and left, tactfully addressing her inquiries to the rank and file of the A. R. P. workers who actually came in contact with the things that interested her, and not the high officials who accompanied her. At one post she was much intrigued with the steel helmet she saw a woman warden wearing.

"Do tell me," said Her Majesty with genuine feminine curiosity. "Is it comfortable? Is it heavy? May I feel the weight of it?"

Quite ordinary conversations—informal woman-to-woman interchanges of views—but "the stuff of which loyalty is made."

As the women of England waited on tenterhooks for the final denouement, the Queen moved quietly and serenely among her people. At all hours her automobile would glide

through the gates of Buckingham Palace, bound for a destination known only to the members of the royal household. Every now and then some unsuspecting passer-by would glance at a glistening car, meet the glance of its occupant, and hurriedly bow or raise his hat with a flurried, " Good gracious, it's the Queen! "

Weeks before, when King George had told her that the situation in Europe was becoming so critical that there was a very real danger of another war, the Queen had begun to review what her position would be in such an eventuality. The obvious source of information was her mother-in-law, Queen Mary, who did such magnificent war work in the years of 1914-18. Queen Mary has been an untiring diarist since before her marriage, and has, therefore, a complete record of all her own war work during the years when England was last at war with Germany.

For some time Queen Elizabeth had watched with the greatest interest the growth of the Women's Voluntary Service, and many of its chief officers were numbered among her personal friends. Although unarmed, members of the Service cannot be classed absolutely as noncombatants, for they are subsidiary servicing units of the regular British force. Their principal duties are clerical, in connection with units of the British army at regimental and divisional headquarters.

Unheralded, as usual in wartime, the Queen arrived one day early in September at the W. V. S. headquarters, and was soon being shown over the building by the commandant. For over an hour and a half the Queen walked from department to department, asking innumerable questions as to the functions of each. Although no mention was made of the fact, it is probable that Queen Elizabeth knew even then that she was destined to become commandant in chief of all the women's units and made the inspection with this in mind.

When she left, she warmly congratulated its commandant, Lady Reading, on the organization of the unit, and commented on the " happy " atmosphere which seemed to prevail.

BACK at Buckingham Palace, ominous news awaited her.

As far as King George and his Cabinet were concerned, the war commenced twenty-four hours before the formal declaration on the morning of September 3. While the Queen had been busily engaged in inspecting London's precautions against air raids, the King had been putting the final touches to the intricate plans for the protection of his country.

On the large flat-topped desk at which His Majesty worked were silver-framed photographs — one of the Queen alone, and another of her with the two Princesses. The Queen always arranges the flowers in the King's study herself. A visitor would probably have noticed the neatness with which King George carried out his duties.

Those who came in contact with the Queen that day say that she was as calm as the King. Because they have a great many characteristics in common, this is nothing to be surprised at. The perfect harmony and understanding between them has led to a unity of thought which, those who know the King and Queen say, amounts almost to telepathy.

It is a custom at Buckingham Palace that the King and Queen must each be informed of the return of the other after even the shortest absence from the palace on a private or royal mission. There is no official reason for this; it is a personal desire on the part of the royal husband and wife, so that they may preserve the closest co-ordination in their duties

The Queen visits a London A. R. P. center.

to the Crown, or, after an absence of some hours, exercise the homely custom of welcoming each other and comparing notes on events of the day.

When the Queen returned from her duties on the eve of war, the King took the earliest opportunity to join her in her private apartments, there to give her the latest news of the crisis, and confiding to her the chances of England being able to evade war— chances, at that time, of course, of the very slimmest.

After the King had returned to his study to continue working with his secretaries, the Queen did what nine out of ten mothers would have done. She put through a telephone call to Balmoral and had a long chat with her daughters, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose.

Needless to say, she said nothing about the fact that she had heard some sad news only a few minutes ago from their father. But she did warn them that it might be some weeks before she could get back to Scotland to continue their holiday.

As usual, the King and Queen dressed for dinner at seven o'clock. Seven thirty was the customary hour for informal family dinner parties in peacetime. More formal state banquets, or official dinners, were served at half past eight. On this last night of peace, the Duke and Duchess of Kent dined alone with the King and Queen.

The Queen retired shortly after midnight, but the King continued to work on into the early hours. The next day, Sunday, the King and Queen were ready for breakfast by eight o'clock. They had it together in the Chinese breakfast room, where they usually take the first meal of the day.

Hitler had until eleven o'clock to reply to the ultimatum sent to him through Sir Nevile Henderson.

From nine o'clock until eleven the King spent in his study with his private secretaries. The Queen remained in her private apartments with her lady in waiting. In view of the critical situation, the usual service which is held every Sunday morning at Buckingham Palace in the Chapel Royal was canceled. It had been arranged that the Queen should join the King in his study to listen, on the King's own radio set, to the Prime Minister's announcement at a quarter past eleven.

THE content of the speech had, of course, been previously submitted to the King, but with its transmission over the air to millions of listeners, the import of the message seemed to increase in drama as each word was spoken.

Silence still reigned in the King's study as the Prime Minister's last words died away, and the BBC announcer commenced to issue the new war regulations which had lain, only the day before, on the King's desk for his approval and signature.

Shortly after the Prime Minister's broadcast the King sat down alone in his study, to prepare his first war message to the people. A few minutes before six o'clock, wearing the undress uniform of an admiral of the fleet, he faced the microphone to deliver the broadcast.

The King always prefers to be alone when speaking into the microphone, so the Queen tuned in to her husband's broadcast on the ivory-colored set in her own boudoir. At the house where she was staying in the country, Queen Mary also listened in, and every other member of the Royal Family, including the Duke of Windsor.

A hush settled down over the entire Empire as King George VI began to speak.

On September 4, 1939, England waked to find herself at war, and her Queen prepared to take on new duties and new responsibilities. What these are, how the war has affected food, the Queen's wardrobe, the daily life at Buckingham Palace, will be revealed in Liberty next week.

Serpent in Eden!—A blithe and chucklesome tale of love and the green-eyed monster

'S WONDERFUL!

DIANA said, "It is embarrassing." Bob said, "Um-m-m-m." His legs stuck out from under the Sunday paper. The Yankees were still going good, he saw with satisfaction. It gave him a fine feeling of all being right with the world when the Yanks were going good. Class. Class will always tell, he repeated to himself.

"Every time we go out something happens. If they weren't so much fun and such nice kids, really, it wouldn't matter."

Diana was wearing that Merry Widow house dress, the one with the puffed sleeves and the flounce around the bottom. It was very becoming to her dark beauty. At least, she supposed it was still beauty. Bob had said so, emphatically, five years ago, when they were married.

Bob Woolcot mumbled, "Er—yeah . . ." and read on about DiMaggio. The count was one and two. The next pitch from Grove was a curve ball inside. Joe took a step . . .

"So now Dick has to go and hit Boley Bishop," Diana said loudly.

Bob stuck his head out from behind the paper. He said interestedly, "Who hit who?"

Diana sighed. "I've been telling you. Dick Merritt hit Boley Bishop. Last night. At the country club. Boley was being nice to Delia Cartel. Dick got one of those jealous fits and hit Boley."

"Did Boley go down?" asked Bob, putting down the paper.

"The point is not whether Boley fell down," said Diana coldly. "The point is that Dick Merritt has been engaged to Delia for too long. The point is that Dick is a jealous fool. The point is that he should not hit people."

Bob said, "Boley outweighs Dick anyway thirty pounds. I don't see how a little fellow like Dick can get away with socking guys."

"If Dick Merritt does not learn to control his temper, he is going to lose Delia," Diana said firmly. "And if Delia has any sense it will be soon."

Bob sat up straight. He said, "Now wait, Di. You know Dick and Delia love each other. You know Dick went broke or he would have married her years ago. He is getting on his feet now. Everything will be all right in a few months."

"Jealousy," said Diana. "The emotion of the weak! I hate jealous people. Dick and Delia are our very best friends. Outside of his jealousy, Dick is a fine person. But he is killing that girl. She wept for hours last night. She told me."

Bob picked up the sports page. "Delia is a gal who will always invite passes. Dick is a little fellow. He will always sock the man who makes the pass at Delia. It is a vicious circle."

"Not to me," said his wife firmly. "You cannot do anything about people," said Bob. . . . DiMaggio hit the ball. It soared for the centerfield stands . . .

"I can. I'll fix that Dick Merritt. He spoils every party. He makes a laughingstock of Delia. After all, a girl can't help it if men flock around her like . . . flies around a sugar bowl . . ."

Bob put down the paper once more. He said, "You can't do anything about Dick Merritt. Now, if you will just lay off . . ."

Diana said, "Well, I just had a sort of an idea."

"Oh—oh!" said Bob. "I should have known."

"Cousin Broderick," murmured Diana.

"No!" shouted Bob.

"Your Cousin Broderick is the most attractive man in the world," said Diana, speaking very rapidly. "He is also the most athletic and the best fighter and everything. If he came here and liked Delia and she liked him just a little, it would wake Dick up. Maybe even he would have to talk about it. If Dick talked, it would certainly be to you, because you were at school together. Then you could tell him."

"Me? Butt in on Dick's business?" said Bob in horror.

"Oh, you men make a fetish of minding your own business," said Diana indignantly. "If you would

Broderick could, it developed, tango. Worst of all, he could rumba. Bob and Dick got morose.

look out after each other a little more, like women . . ."

"Cousin Broderick! I should put up with that guy. The last time I saw him was at a wedding, but he got drunk and thought it was a funeral. Fine thing. Broderick!"

"He is about due for a visit. You can wire him," said Diana sweetly.

"I'll do no such of a thing!" yelled Bob. "Sick that big mug on Dick? Never!"

"You will either invite Cousin Broderick, or I will drop Dick Merritt and refuse to go out with him again," said Diana firmly.

"Never! You can't do it. I won't have it!"

The paper trembled in his hand as he snatched it from the floor. He was blowing with rage. Diana wisely wandered out into the garden. The Woolcots had a nice house on a hill in the Jersey suburb of Medburn. The late spring had brought the garden to its peak in midsummer. Diana looked very well among her flowers. Bob could see her through the French windows without leaving his chair.

COUSIN BRODERICK had too much luggage. It had stickers all over it and there was a polo mallet. Bob Woolcot stared savagely at the unoffending stick.

But Cousin Broderick was authentic. He was six feet two and trim as a young oak. He had arms and legs and a profile. He had brown hair which never needed grooming because it looked good just the way nature had put it on his round skull. He had a self-confidence which was astounding, offensive, or devastating, according to the sex, age, and susceptibility of the beholder.

He said, "Hiya, Bob. You're getting fat. Where's Diana?"

"Hello, Broderick," said Bob with restraint. "She is in the garden. You still don't care for men, I see."

Diana came around the corner of the house. She did not even flinch at the piled luggage. She rushed forward and gave Cousin Broderick the full welcome. Bob winced at the hearty kiss.

Delia came slowly behind. She was

BY WILLIAM R. COX

wearing a large hat and a filmy afternoon thing. It was another Sunday, and Medburn always dressed for Sundays.

Delia had blonde hair, retouched only on alternate Wednesdays. It fell to her shoulders and curled on the ends and framed her face, which was like a cornflower. She had the eyes and skin to go with it, too. There was a certain something about the way Delia moved. Cousin Broderick was quick. He beamed on the instant, and as he went forward, flags seemed to wave and trumpets blow.

Bob sighed. He liked Dick Merritt. The temper and quick jealousy of the little man were faults a man could overlook with the greatest of ease. If Dick wanted Delia, then he should have Delia. He had worked for years, slaving long hours, so that he could recoup his fortunes and marry Delia. And now Diana was complicating matters.

Dick was in the house making himself at home with a drink. In a moment Dick would come out, and there

would be that big stiff bending over Delia and making cow's eyes. It was unfair.

Dick was smallish coming down the steps. He strutted when he walked and he wore lifts inside his shoes, but he was a little man and he knew it too well. He held the drink in his hand, but his eyes were upon Delia and Cousin Broderick. He knew.

Dick said, "Hello, Broderick. How's your profile?"

Broderick showed his beautiful teeth. "Still unmarried to the most beautiful girl in Jersey, eh, Dickie?"

Bob groaned. That diminutive would touch it off. Diana said quickly, "Let us go in and have a drink around. We haven't seen Broderick in too long. You must stay a long time, cousin. We will have fun."

"Yes, won't we?" muttered Bob. He took a firm grip on Dick's elbow. There was no point in hitting Broderick. Dick might as well beat on a stone wall. Broderick was sock-proof. He made a living selling short stories based on his own heroic experiences, almost true. He had been in Spain and in Poland and in Africa, and lately in Mexico, where he had licked a band of marauders singlehanded, saving some oil-field people.

BUT Dick was quiet. He went inside without a word. Broderick was gay and witty and full of airs and graces like a large white circus horse, but Dick forbore comment. Bob could scarcely believe it.

Dick Merritt had always been quick with his tongue, fearless with his fists. In college it had been that way and it had never changed since. Even men who could whip Dick with one hand feared to cross him. Knowing, sober men stepped withershins around Delia with great politeness.

Bob considered Delia. It was that something in the way she moved, he supposed. For himself, he preferred Diana's long, lazy legs and thin hips and languid hands. But other men eyed the curvacious Delia and were wistful, fearing and envying Dick Merritt. Yet Delia was indifferent. She had that ability to set herself aloof, to look upon the antics of man with calm and disinterested eye. The jealousies of Dick Merritt were futile, bootless things, Bob knew. Cousin Broderick cavorted and Delia was unimpressed.

Dick brooded and took another drink, and another. Bob was nervous, and hastily took a couple of quick ones and caught up with Dick.

He went upstairs with Broderick after a while. Changing, Broderick was bronzed and muscular and quick like a big panther. In a jungle or on a battlefield, Bob grudgingly admitted, Broderick would be a man to have on your side.

"Dick Merritt always was something of a squirt. Is he still going around with that chip on his shoulder?" Broderick was amused; his eye was calculating.

"Dick's a pal of mine," said Bob.

"Never was my type." Broderick produced a bottle of something he said was tequila. They had a drink. It was terrible.

Broderick said expansively, "I enjoy the good things of life. Music, food, beautiful women. Maybe I'm selfish, ruthless. But I'm a *man*."

He even beat himself upon the hairless bronzed chest. Bob was nauseated. Broderick said, "That Delia. A truly beautiful woman."

"Engaged to Dick Merritt," pointed out Bob.

"Ha!" said Broderick, popping his eyes. "Ha!"

Bob took another slug of the tequila. It was less revolting than Broderick.

AFTER dinner they played the victrola. Broderick had a couple of Nan Blackstone records and some Spanish music which was really good. He could, it developed, tango. But worst of all, he could rumba.

Bob and Dick kept right on drinking. They did not get tight. They got morose. Diana and Delia did the rumba. Broderick expanded like a

hothouse plant under careful nurturing. After a while Dick and Bob went outdoors and sat on the low stone fence with their drinks.

Dick said, "I should sock him."

Bob almost fell off the fence. Never before had Dick Merritt spoken in this fashion. Always Dick had acted, without words.

Bob said, "He is a tough hombre."

"Tough!" said Dick bitterly. "You think I'm scared?"

Bob said, "Well—you always socked them before."

"I know," Dick said quietly. "I socked Boley Bishop a couple weeks ago. Delia cried. I went to apologize. She was on the porch. Crying."

"I know," said Bob.

"All by herself," explained Dick carefully. "She wouldn't let me down, you see. She was crying all alone."

"That's what they do," said Bob.

"It hurts. Down deep," confided Dick. His tight little face was serene in the reflected light. "I knew then. I knew I couldn't be jealous of her any more. She is too swell. You know what I mean. Swell."

"You're ab-so-lute-ly right," said Bob. Between the liquor and this confession, he was feeling very noble. "She is a swell girl. You been wrong for years about this thing."

"I know it," said Dick. "You and me, we mind our own business. You never said anything. Diana never said anything. You been swell, both of you. I wanted you to know. It's all over. No more jealousy. I got cured when I found her crying like that. Alone."

"That's wonderful," said Bob. "You will be very happy."

"Sure," said Dick solemnly. "You'll be best man, of course? Next month."

Bob pounded hard on the narrow shoulders. He said, "I'll fight anybody says not. Let's go in and have a drink."

They went inside, exalted. Broderick was teaching Diana a trick step. Delia wrinkled her nose at Dick and made a small snoot behind Broderick's back. Dick grinned from ear to ear. Bob could have turned a handspring for joy. The three of them went into the kitchen and had a drink together, and Delia actually blushed when Bob kissed her tenderly.

Dick said, "Kiss her again, Bob. It's wonderful. I don't even feel a pang. Kiss her again."

They were like a pair of kids with a new toy wagon. They forgot all about Diana, and Bob forgot too. After a while they remembered and went back to the living room. It was empty. Bob's car was gone from the driveway.

"They probably got too hot dancing like that and took a ride," said Delia. "I think we should be going, Dick."

"Yes," said Dick. "I have a big day ahead. We'll see you during the week, pal."

Bob said, "You know it."

He kissed Delia again and wrung Dick's hand. It was the most satisfying thing in the world to have your friends happy, he thought. He wandered back into the empty house and made another drink.

HE played the radio impatiently. He could not wait for Diana to come home so he could tell her. She would be pleased, but the laugh would be on her. She had brought in Cousin Broderick and now the big stiff was not needed.

Old Irresistible Broderick! Delia had given him the freeze right from the start. Chalk up a failure for Romeo Broderick. It was wonderful. Bob swung his leg over an arm of a deep chair. The clock said one.

At two thirty he awoke with a start. The radio was emitting protesting grunts. He switched it off. The lights seemed aglare to his sleepy eyes. The house gave off that aura of desertion which proclaims its emptiness.

He shook his head to throw off the liquor fumes. He was suddenly and horribly lonely.

Diana had never left him like this, late at night. He knew that she had

Men eyed the curvacious Delia and were wistful.

probably gone to the club with Cousin Broderick, that they were showing off the new rumba steps, that she would be childishly delighted at the opportunity to astound the late Sunday-night crowd. He should be pleased, he thought. He should be glad that Cousin Broderick had failed with Delia, that Diana's little scheme had proved futile.

He grunted and turned off some lights. He went upstairs and took a magazine to bed. He would have to stay awake and enjoy his small triumph about Delia and Dick.

IT was morning. Diana lay on her side in the twin bed, sleeping like a baby. She looked very pretty lying there. Bob took his shower and shaved, making as much noise as possible. Diana did not stir.

Downstairs the maid had breakfast ready. Bob ate slowly. Then he went back upstairs and poked his head into the bedroom. Diana was still sleeping.

He shook his head sadly and went down and got into the small car. He drove down and caught his train and read the Times and was taken into the city to his job, which was a very good job in a great utility company which expected, and got, a great deal of his time and effort.

He came home early, still bursting with his news about Delia and Dick. The maid met him and said, "Miz Diana gone to Newark with Mist' Broderick. She say you have dinneh and she be home lateh."

He got into the evening paper. The Yankees were still going good. He tried to get interested in the respective batting averages of DiMaggio and Keller.

After dinner he went out restlessly and drove down to the club. Dick Merritt was knocking balls around on the billiard table. He looked surprised to see Bob. He said:

"Hey! Delia's got a million things to do and I'm alone. You going to stick around?"

"Diana's in Newark with Broderick," Bob explained self-consciously.

"How can she stand him?" asked Dick. "Delia thought he was pretty pitiful."

"He's my cousin," said Bob. "How about fifty points?"

They played fifty points, not rapidly, because they were not expert. Then they played fifty more. Diana, Bob thought happily, would now be home waiting for him. It would serve her right!

He refused a drink because the club championships were coming up. Bob was a tennis player. He was the club champion and he took a small pride in the title. He went home feeling very good about refusing the drink.

There was a note on the mute radio. "We came in and missed you. Gone to New York to see Mitzi Bale in that new show. See you later. Love . . . Diana."

Bob held the note in his hand for a long time. Then he went upstairs and to bed. He did not sleep at once. But he could not stay awake, either. He never heard Diana come in.

IT was Sunday again. Bob Woolcot opened one eye. Diana was sound asleep, like a slim pink dryad. He raised himself on one elbow and gazed on the familiar scene. For a solid week he had seen Diana only when she was in that blissful state.

It had not been a good week. It had been a week of gibes and sly innuendo and endless cracks like, "When is your big handsome cousin going to return your wife?"

Bob got out of bed. He put on a pair of shorts and a sleeveless shirt. He had a first-round match this morning. He stretched himself to his lanky six feet and stared at his forearms. They were big tennis forearms, the right one overdeveloped.

He went down the hall in his soft shoes and peeked into the guest room. Broderick was deep into it, his head burrowed into the pillow. He snored. Bob was glad that he snored.

He went downstairs and drank some orange juice. He drove to the club and wiped up a first-round opponent, and then they asked him to play the second round, and he fought through two fast sets with Boley Bishop. He won easily.

He came home and ducked in the back way, all sweaty and feeling fine. He had not had a drink in a week. He whistled through his shower. He put on some white clothes and went downstairs, and Diana was eating breakfast opposite Broderick. Looking at them, Bob did not feel so fine any more.

Diana said, "Stranger!"

"Been having fun?" asked Bob in his best offhand manner.

Broderick said forcefully, "What a week! What a wife! We've been everywhere and done everything. Wonderful!"

"Wonderful!" echoed Diana. "We just played. It was so good to play again, and not care. Poor old Bob, I'm sorry you had to slave while we played."

"Nonsense," protested Bob weakly. "I always want you to have a good time, Di."

"Good old Bob," beamed Broderick. "All husbands should be like Bob. Best-natured man on earth. I certainly envy you that indefatigible li'l' wife of yours, Bob."

He reached over and tenderly patted Diana's slim wrist. Bob said, "Where have you been doing things?"

"Broderick just finds places," said Diana ecstatically. "Such little places to eat. And drink. Such dancing. And the shows! We've about done the shows."

"We haven't done all the movies," roared Broderick. "Nor the Asiatic eating places. More next week. Wonderful!"

Bob said, "Dick and Delia are coming for dinner."

"Delia!" said Broderick. "Lovestruck. Mooning over that shrimp. New love. I hate it."

"No fun," agreed Diana. "Dance and play and live. That's the life."

Broderick pronounced, "The best things. Grasp the best things while you can."

"Wonderful," murmured Bob.

"Wonderful," cheered Diana.

But she seemed a bit tired through the afternoon. Broderick talked. He even went out and made the drinks. He talked about life and love and adventure. Diana hung on his every word, but Bob just sat and listened without comment. Bob did not take any drinks.

Delia and Dick came about four. Broderick met them on the porch, glass in hand, making them welcome. He was positively regal, owning all he surveyed. He even held Diana's hand while they rehashed the wonderful week they had spent together.

Dick came out in the kitchen and said, "Hey!"

Bob handed over a drink. Dick said, "Not taking any?"

Bob said, "Tennis."

Dick said, "What kind of week did you have?"

Bob said calmly, "Terrible."

Dick nodded. "It's tough."

Bob said, "It's all right."

"Oh, sure," said Dick hastily. "I mean—sure it's all right. And all that. What about them Yanks?"

"Good," said Bob.

"I bet you Keller outhits DiMag," said Dick. "Some boy, that Keller."

"Yeah, some boy."

Dick drank from his glass. He said, "Uh—you know what?"

"What?" asked Bob.

"It's—working."

"What? Oh—yeah. That's fine, Dick."

"Delia was out with an old flame. One last date, the poor guy wanted. I never had a pang."

"Great," said Bob without enthusiasm.

"Jealousy is no good, Bob. Take it from me. I suffered. Made myself miserable. . . . How long is Broderick going to camp on you?"

Bob said, "Forever."

Dick was very solemn. "Jealousy is a terrible thing. It almost ruined my life."

"Take another quick one," said Bob. "I have to serve the others."

The maid was off on Sunday, and it was the weekly custom at the Woolcots for Delia and Diana to get dinner together. The men lounged and gloated in being waited on by their wives or girls. It was very good for every one.

THIS Sunday, Broderick took over. He chased every one hither and yon getting things for him. He insisted upon Dick and Bob helping. He made a terrific mess in the kitchen, but came up with the most savory dinner that ever a Sunday brought to Medburn.

Then he donned an apron and cleared off the table, and made every one wash dishes "to pay for the meal." He was terrifically expert about every detail.

Ripping off the apron, he dashed into the living room and turned on the victrola. He announced in his big voice, "Dancing school is open!"

Diana came forward, all smiles and eagerness. She said, "That new step we worked out . . . "

Broderick had Delia by the arm. He was saying tenderly. "Now here is a little girl that needs a lesson. Didn't learn much last week. I must take you in hand . . . "

He took her in his big arms. He swept her into the languid rhythm of the tango. Delia seemed to enjoy it, perversely enough. Bob sat and looked grimly at Diana.

He saw the tightening of the muscles around her mouth, the hurt expression in her eyes.

An hour later he was out on the stone fence. Dick Merritt clinked ice in a glass and said, "Maybe it's the liquor."

"Huh?"

"Jealousy is horrible. It's pitiful. It is the emotion of a weak person," said Dick firmly.

"I'm not jealous," said Bob happily.

"He hasn't been dancing with Diana," groaned Dick. "He's been making love to Delia all evening. Where is Diana, anyway?"

"She went to bed," said Bob. "She had a hard week."

"Dancing and dancing," muttered Dick. "The big cluck and his profile."

BOB said, "Calm yourself, pal."

Dick finished the drink. He said helplessly, "I feel it coming on, Bob."

Bob said, "Don't do it! Delia will cry again."

"I can't help it," said Dick. "I can't. Why wasn't I made like you—without jealousy? It's torture."

Bob said, "Take it easy, pal. Come on inside with me."

"I'll murder him," moaned Dick. "I'll pulverize him!"

"Come on in," said Bob. "You'll be all right."

They went in. Dick's face was hard as a rock, glaring at the pair who danced smoothly about the cleared floor. Bob led the way hastily to the kitchen and made Dick another drink. The music stopped. They heard Broderick's bull-like voice: "It's hot in here, sugar. How about a little spin in the nice night air?"

Dick started for the door in high gear. Bob stopped him. Bob just grabbed some coattail and Dick could not move.

Delia said, "I think not, Broderick."

"Oh, come on," said Broderick. "Grasp the good things of life while you may. Laugh and dance and play . . . "

Delia said, "I—really, Broderick . . . "

Bob slipped past Dick, shoving him back. He went into the living room. Broderick had Delia by the wrist, was tugging her playfully to the door.

Bob said sharply, "Don't be an utter ass, Broderick!"

The big man swung about. He had assumed the role of bluff heartiness, of childish enthusiasm. He was stuck with it. He swung a big palm hard upon Bob's shoulder, guffawing.

"Ol' Bob, rescuer of damsels in distress! Think I was going to run away with her, Bob?"

"Don't be such a clown, cousin," said Bob.

"Clown? That's me—Pagliacci, eh? Laugh, clown!"

Broderick struck a pose, arms outspread, watching Delia from the corner of his eye. He whirled, swinging his arms about. He caught Bob behind the ear with a sharp slap as Bob moved deliberately within range. Bob said:

"You are a fool, Broderick."

The hard hand seized Bob's shoulder, shook him roughly. It was far too vigorous for play. Bob could see the angry glint, the malice in the prominent eyes. Broderick said:

"Have fun, old stick-in-the-mud. Must I clout you to make you enjoy yourself?"

Bob said tightly, "Don't maul me, Broderick. I never liked it. Remember?"

"Be gay. Have fun," said Broderick, shaking the harder.

Bob's voice was almost indistinguishable. "Don't maul me."

"Why, I could eat you, cousin. I'm a *man*."

Broderick showed his teeth. He released Bob too suddenly, so that he staggered a little. He stepped back and beat at his chest. He opened his mouth to say more about manhood.

Bob hit him. He hit Broderick on the chin with his left fist, and then he hit him in the middle with his right—the tennis-developed right.

Broderick tottered. He said, "Ah-h-h!"

Bob thoughtfully hit him again with the right. On the nose. Blood ran. Broderick put his hands to his face, took them away. He saw the red blood running. He said, "*E-e-e-e-e-k!*"

He fainted.

Dick Merritt clasped his hands around his drink and looked toward the ceiling. He said, "Oh, wonderful day!"

DIANA said, "You were, too, jealous."

Bob picked up the paper. He said kindly, "If you like to think that, baby, it is all right with me."

"Broderick did not pick a fight with you. Dick just lies for you, because he was jealous and got over it, and now he sees you getting that way and is trying to protect you. Men! That's the way they are. It's . . . "

"Wonderful?" suggested Bob.

She looked at him, at his greenish undistinguished eyes, his freckled homely face. She looked about her Broderickless house. She sniffed.

"Well, everything worked. Delia and Dick are all right. I did have fun that week. Broderick might have been . . . difficult to you. But to me he was . . . "

"Wonderful," nodded Bob.

Diana arose and went out into the garden with great dignity in every stride of her long legs. She stayed carefully where Bob could see her every moment.

Bob read, "Ruffing pitched an almost perfect game. In the eighth inning, with one down, and the Brownies hitless to that point, McQuinn came up. Red got two strikes on the first baseman, then threw a slow curve. McQuinn hit to right field for a single . . ."

So the Yankees were still doing all right. Bob sank deeper in the chair. He would play the finals in the tennis tournament this afternoon. He felt fine.

It was good to be home on Sunday. It was . . . wonderful.

THE END

WHO WINS THE BALL GAMES?

His relief work clinched last fall's World Series: "Grandma" Johnny Murphy of the Yankees.

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

An eye-opening look at a seldom-celebrated hero—the pitcher on relief

By JOHN DREBINGER

THERE would be a good deal of eyebrow lifting if it were generally known that there are fellows on relief who draw seven to eight thousand a year. In fact, if the relief they provide is exceptionally satisfactory, they may even receive as much as twelve thousand or more.

For most any major-league baseball manager will tell you that no pitching staff, however well equipped it may be with screwballs, fireballs, and bewitching curves, is ever any stronger than the good stout arm and heart of its relief specialist—that quiet, unassuming fellow you occasionally see bobbing up and down in the bull pen. One minute he is warming up, the next minute he is sitting down. Now he is warming up again, and this time he is not sitting down. Instead, he is being rushed into the breach to stem a violent attack of enemy bats.

If he succeeds, the manager on the morrow may be hailed as an outstanding master mind. If he fails, the manager, like as not, will merely be listed as another chucklehead. But, either way, you can be reasonably certain that the relief pitcher's own part in the show will be forgotten before the last fan has left the park.

When the Yankees steam-rollered over the Reds in the final game of the World Series in Cincinnati last October, the newspapers splashed their pages with such names as Joe DiMaggio, Charlie Keller, Joe Gordon. For these, true enough, were the fellows who fired the Yankee attack that tied the score with two runs in the ninth and clinched the battle and the world championship with three more runs in the tenth.

Yet how much would all this have amounted to but for a tall lantern-jawed fellow of kindly and homely countenance whose name is Johnny Murphy? The sports writers call him "Fordham Johnny." More affectionately and for a reason not wholly clear, his colleagues call him "Grandma."

To the Reds, however, he was positively poison as he ambled up from the bull pen in the seventh inning and held them in a grip of iron through those ninth and tenth innings while the Yankee juggernaut got going.

This, indeed, was more than a mere relief job that saved a ball game and enabled a club to win its fourth straight World Series in four straight games. For there is no telling what might have happened had the Reds managed to win this engagement.

The Yanks' starting twirler had retired with a lame arm in the fifth. And in the seventh the aroused Reds blasted Steve Sundra from the mound with a rush of three runs. But when Grandma Murphy came up from the bull pen, where he had been alternately warming up and sitting down ever since the series began, the Yanks knew this was a last line of defense the enemy could never crack.

Such ticklish situations had become old stuff with Murphy. He has, in fact, been doing this sort of stuff for the world champions these past six years, appearing in from thirty to forty games a season.

And there are a lot of other relief flingers to whom stepping into a tight spot, with thousands of dollars riding on every pitch, is just another job that has to be done. Last summer there were three pitchers in the major leagues who among them appeared in a total of 139 ball games, although they started in scarcely any. Curiously, all three answer to the name of Brown, although they are not related: Walter G. Brown, the massive 265-pound hurler of the Giants; Mace Brown of the Pirates; and Clint Brown of the White Sox. Clint set an extraordinary record by appearing in sixty-one games without pitching a single complete game.

Relief pitchers are rare birds, and a baseball manager will go to any length to get a good one. For nowadays, with the lively ball putting an additional strain on the hurler, a capable relief artist may easily mean the difference between a flag winner and an also-ran.

Not all great starting pitchers make good relief workers, but Adolfo Luque, for years a mound ace of the first magnitude, still retained in the sere and yellow of his career all the requisites demanded of a great relief pitcher—courage, coolness when the heat is on, and perfect control of his best delivery.

On an October afternoon during the World Series in 1933, as the Giants and Senators plunged into the last half of the tenth inning, a crowd that packed the Washington ball park sat with bated breath. Bill Terry's club was within one victory of the necessary four. The Giants led 4-3.

Luque had entered the game in the sixth inning, when the Senators had driven Hal Schumacher from the mound with a three-run rally that tied the score. The good Señor had kept the American Leaguers at bay

until Mel Ott's home run in the tenth finally had given him the lead, and he meant to keep it.

The first two batters were snuffed out in a jiffy. But now came a rift, and a jubilant roar welled up from the mob as Manager Cronin—the same Fighting Joe currently leading the Red Sox—singled, and Fred Schulte, who earlier had hit a homer for the Senators, also got on base. This brought Joe Kuhel to the plate with nothing more than a single needed to tie the score again, while an extra base blow would win the battle outright.

Terry walked over to give Luque some final instructions, to which Luque came up with the following response:

"O. K., Bill. No worry. Me fix."

He delivered three pitches to Kuhel. All three were strikes. The conflict was over and the Giants were world champions.

And now, just who would you say won this ball game? The papers that evening and the next morning all headlined: "Ott's Homer Clinches Series for Giants."

But to the boys in the trade the real hero of that epic mound struggle was old Adolfo Luque, whose miraculous relief pitching had saved not only this final game but numerous other battles during the season.

I later asked Luque what was his first pitch to Kuhel.

"A cur-r-r-ve."

And what next?

"A cur-r-r-ve."

And what was the last pitch?

"Another cur-r-r-ve."

He had simply adhered to a precept laid down by all great pitchers, that if the best you've got can't stop the hitter in a tight spot, nothing else is going to.

FROM the very nature of their job it must be obvious that plenty of courage—or call it nerve or plain guts, if you like—is one of the chief ingredients that go into the making of successful and useful relief hurlers. One of the most daring relief jobs ever staged was turned in by Burleigh Grimes away back in 1928, when he toiled for the Pirates. A swashbuckling spitballer in those days, he was called in to stem a Brooklyn Dodgers rally in the last half of the ninth inning at Ebbets Field, with the score tied.

Two men were out, two were on bases when Burleigh swaggered up from the bull pen. The first batter to face him he deliberately passed, to fill the bases in order that a force play might be made at any of the corners of the infield, and then he tossed off three straight balls to the next hitter. The Brooklyn fans were howling with glee, for another ball would mean that the proud Grimes would force the winning run home with a pass.

But that fourth ball never came. Instead, the Lord of Burleigh majestically snapped three strikes across the plate for the third out. The ball game was temporarily saved, and in the next inning the Pirates won it.

It was only later that Grimes revealed that he had thrown those three balls to the batter with the bases full on purpose. It was his peculiar theory that a pitcher with perfect control worked better from such an amazingly tight spot than from any other.

One of the most remarkable relief pitchers to come up to the major leagues in the last two decades was a husky six-foot homespun Oklahoman who had been kicked around the minor leagues for half a dozen years before Miller Huggins, managing the Yankees in 1927, decided to take a chance on him. His name was Wilcy Moore and he was a baldish gentleman, past thirty. He had won some thirty games for Greenville in the South Atlantic League the previous year, and Huggins was a bit short of pitching talent that spring.

Moore, with no major-league experience whatever, proved to be one of those rare birds. He had fine control and his best delivery was an astonishingly effective sinker ball. His nerve, however, surpassed belief.

Ty Cobb that year was finishing his career with the Athletics, but he still was one of the most feared batsmen in the game. The first time Moore was called upon to face Cobb and the Athletics, Huggins and the other members of the Yanks' board of strategy loaded Moore down with instructions on how to pitch to Ty. What followed embarrassed even Wilcy's casehardened catcher, Benny Bengough. For every time a Mack batter came up to the plate, old Cy would walk up the pitching runway and call out, for all on the Athletic bench to hear:

"Now don't forget, Benny, to let me know when Cobb comes up. I've never seen him before."

When Cobb did come up, Moore paid no attention to him at all. He merely struck him out on three sinker pitches. The Georgia Peach was steaming in a white fury.

The next time Cobb came up, Bengough stepped in front of the plate, motioned Moore to come up from the mound, and cautiously whispered:

"Look out for this guy, Cy. He's mad. He'll drag a bunt down that first-base line and if you try to field it he'll cut your fingers to ribbons."

"Wal," drawled Moore as he looked over Bengough's shoulder and squarely at Cobb, "if he does, it will be the last bunt he'll drag for a long time, 'cause I'll just snap his neck off with my bare hands."

And Cobb dragged no bunt down the first-base line.

By the end of that 1927 campaign, Moore had played a vital part in bringing a second successive pennant to the Yankees. He had appeared in no fewer than fifty games and hung up a personal record of nineteen victories against only seven defeats—an unusual achievement for a relief pitcher.

His concluding relief performance that year was to replace a wavering Waite Hoyt in the eighth inning of the first World Series game against the National League champion Pirates and protect a one-run margin right down to the wire. In the official records of that game Hoyt appears as the winner. But old Cy Moore was the man of the hour to check that Pirate rally, and from this start the Yankees went on to flatten the Pittsburghers in four straight games.

As a fitting reward, Miller Huggins permitted Moore to start the final game, and Cy hurled the entire game himself and won 4 to 3, to end the series.

During the 1937 season Dick Coffman—popularly called Fireman Dick because he quenched so many enemy fires—helped the Giants win a pennant by appearing in forty-two games, directly saving any number of them. Yet the records revealed him actually winning only eight games and losing three. The following year he was asked to extinguish fires in fifty-one games, but the records showed him winning only eight and losing four.

The reason for this was that, by a peculiar quirk of the scoring rules, a starting pitcher, relieved after six or seven innings with his team still in the lead, receives credit for the victory if the relief pitcher protects that margin to the end. It is only when the opposing side draws even or goes ahead that the relief hurler can either receive credit for the win or be charged with the defeat.

SO a lot of it seems pretty thankless work. Nevertheless, the good relief pitcher thrives on that sort of work, does it without complaint, and likes it. Dick Coffman was once asked how he liked saving a lot of games for other pitchers while his own record showed only eight victories at the end of the season.

"Shucks!" he replied. "What difference does it make, so long as the club wins and we go some place? I'd rather save five games for a fellow like Carl Hubbell that would mean winning a pennant than win ten games for myself that would mean nothing. We're hired to stop wild batting rallies that get a trifle out of hand, and so long as we do that and satisfy the manager, there are no complaints, no matter what the records read. And, what is more, the pay is good, especially if you get in a World Series, so why kick?"

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **MICHELANGELO** by Marcel Brion. The Greystone Press.

The new account of Michelangelo's crowded life brings home to us at once the towering achievement of his many-sided genius and the warmth of his passionate and noble character.

ILLUSTRATOR
JAMES SCHUCKER

Don't miss the thrills that await you in this exciting mystery novel

"Oh, yes. Spike, the boy detective. Tough job you've got, brother!"

WHO KILLED THIS WOMAN?

READING TIME ● 33 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

A synopsis of the opening chapters will be found on page 18

PART TWO—
LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE

SPIKE and the inspector looked startled, but the doctor's complacency was not ruffled in the slightest. "Some one," he explained, motioning to a door at the rear of the upper hall, "is in there in Mrs. Ballinger's sitting room. And I have the key—here." And he patted his breast pocket. He seemed inordinately pleased about something.

Before the door to which he led them, he paused and grew solemn. "Gentlemen, this is Mrs. Ballinger's room which you are about to enter. It is just as I found it an hour ago. To the best of my knowledge, there are only three people who have entered it this morning. The first was Sarah Allred, the housekeeper. She opened this door and, breakfast tray in hand, advanced across the room toward the bed. One glance at her mistress was enough. She turned and hurried out of the room, and closed the door behind her.

BY HARRIETTE ASHBROOK

She touched nothing while she was in the room, and she has not since re-entered it.

"The next person to enter was Miss Ollie. I have ascertained that she approached the bed directly, but laid hands only on the body of her sister. She did not touch anything—with the exception, of course, of the doorknob. She summoned me immediately on the telephone in the hall, and has not reentered the room since.

"I, in making my examination, was at particular pains not to move or lay hands on anything in the room except the body of Mrs. Ballinger. May I ask, gentlemen, that you observe the same precautions?"

Over the head of the little man, the eyes of Spike and the inspector met and their brows lifted in mutual inquiry.

They were both startled when the unspoken question was answered by the doctor himself.

"No, gentlemen, I am not, as you," turning toward Spike, "would say—I am not 'nuts.' Now come, and mind what I said about touching anything."

The last sentence was shouted, for the racketing and pounding and swearing had commenced again in the rear of the hall. But when the door closed behind them it was quiet, for the walls of the house were heavy and solid.

For a moment the three men just stood and let their eyes wander slowly over the room. It was richly furnished almost to the point of garishness.

The orchid curtains of heavy satin damask stirred faintly in the draft that came in through two windows opening onto the street. Above the elaborately carved marble fireplace an ornate gilded clock ticked almost in silence. The upholstery of the chairs was satin and taffeta and there were many inconsequential lace and satin pillows.

On the bed the dead woman lay back against a pillow that bore dark stains. Editors and newspaper photographers who had known Moira Ballinger for the last twenty-five years would scarcely have recognized her. She was just a dead woman past fifty with a bullet through her brains.

Spike bent over and looked at the gun, a small silver-mounted revolver of a somewhat old-fashioned type. On the mounting he could see the two initials "P. B." He rose and looked at Herschman; but Herschman was looking inquiringly at the owl-eyed Pennypacker.

The doctor was pulling from his pocket a slip of paper. "Here, Inspector, are some notations that I made this morning while awaiting your arrival." He handed over the paper. The two men scanned it.

In re sudden death of P. Ballinger	*In re ditto M. Ballinger*
1. Body discovered by Sarah Allred.	1. Body discovered by S. A.
2. Doctor summoned by Miss Olivia Grable.	2. Dr. summoned by Miss O. G.
3. Death due to bullet through right temple.	3. Death due to bullet through right temple.
4. Silver-mounted revolver initialed "P. B." found clutched in right hand.	4. Silver-mounted revolver initialed "P. B." found clutched in right hand.
5. James P. Worts, legal adviser, was called on telephone the day prior to death and instructed by Mr. Ballinger to be at the house at ten o'clock the following day for a conference. At ten o'clock the following day Worts arrived, but Prentice Ballinger was already dead.	5. James P. Worts, legal adviser, was called on telephone the day prior to death and instructed by Mrs. Ballinger to be at the house at eleven o'clock the following day for a conference. At eleven o'clock the following day Worts arrived, but Mrs. Ballinger was already dead.

"Quite a lot of coincidences," Spike observed.

"Quite a lot," Pennypacker affirmed, "but not all." He reached for the paper and added a fifth item:

"That"—and Pennypacker motioned with his head in the direction whence had come the pounding and swearing—"that is James P. Worts."

Herschman couldn't help grinning. "What's the idea?"

But Pennypacker started on a new tack: "There is one other circumstance surrounding the death of Prentice Ballinger twenty years ago which I have not noted on this memorandum. I have not done so for the reason that I do not yet know whether it is a circumstance peculiar only to the death of Prentice Ballinger, or whether it is a sixth—as you term it—'coincidence.'

"As I told you before, at the time of Mr. Ballinger's death I reported the matter to the police. I insisted that a thorough examination be made of the room in which Prentice Ballinger died. I was not convinced that he had committed suicide. Suicide is the last refuge of a weak character, and Prentice Ballinger was not that. And neither, I might add, was Mrs. Ballinger—although in an entirely different way. Entirely different." One got the idea that he considered Prentice Ballinger's strength of character entirely admirable and his wife's just the opposite. "It was found," he continued, "that the fingerprints on the gun belonged to Prentice Ballinger."

"Nothing so extremely curious about that," said Herschman.

"No. The curious thing was that those were the only fingerprints of any kind found in the entire room—with the exception, of course, of the doorknob, which had been touched by Sarah Allred, Miss Ollie, and myself. That, gentlemen, I insist, is indicative of only one thing: that every likely surface of the bedroom in which Prentice Ballinger died had been deliberately and for some fell purpose wiped completely clean."

Herschman ran a hand speculatively over his jaw. "How did the police explain it?"

"They didn't. The police were—ah—shall we say 'persuaded'?—not to pursue the inquiry too diligently."

(Continued on page 21)

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

HARD-BOILED young Patricia Ballinger tells Jeffrey Linscott that he must stop living on her mother's money. Mrs. Moira Ballinger, a widow, has squandered a fortune on him. Jeffrey laughs and informs Pat that he is going to marry a millionaire's daughter, Lillian Gillespie. This news placates the self-centered girl, who wants to inherit her third of the family estate when her wasteful mother dies. Under her father's will, her brother Dave and her half brother Sidney are to inherit the other two thirds.

Both brothers are up against it. Sidney is in financial difficulties, the happiness of his wife and children threatened. Dave has married a poor but lovely Polish girl, Paula, and his mother has cast him off. They live in poverty with her family.

One morning Paula announces she is going to have a baby, and that David's rich mother must come to their assistance—or else! Already harassed, Dave is faced with a desperate situation.

For no known reason, Mrs. Moira Ballinger apparently commits suicide in her home on East Eighty-fourth Street, New York City. She had lived there for years with her older sister, Ollie, and her servants. The suicide was most peculiar, enacted under exactly the same circumstances as those surrounding the suicide of her husband, Prentice Ballinger, twenty years ago—even to the silver-mounted revolver used, which was initialed "P. B."

When "Spike" Tracy, brilliant young brother of the D. A., and Herschman of the Homicide Squad arrive on the scene at the call of Dr. Horatio Pennypacker, the doctor intimates that he believes that neither of the elder Ballingers killed themselves! He had been called in on both occasions, and the weird repetition of the death details were beyond credulity.

Dr. Pennypacker himself is a queer bird. He appears to be smugly satisfied over something. And as he talks to Spike and Inspector Herschman a great pounding on a closed door and a man's muffled shouts are heard.

● *Actual color photograph—Branch Bobbitt, tobacco warehouseman, admires a fine lot of ripe, golden leaf.*

LUCKIES' FINER TOBACCOS MEAN LESS NICOTINE

Authoritative tests reveal that Luckies' finer tobaccos contain less nicotine than any other leading brand!

Here's the natural result of buying finer, selected cigarette tobacco for Lucky Strike. The average nicotine content of Luckies, for over two years, has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands★—less than any one of them. This fact is proven by authoritative tests which have been confirmed from time to time by independent laboratories.

You see, each year we exhaustively analyze tobaccos before purchase. Thus our buyers can select the leaf that is ripe and mellow, yet mild and low in nicotine content—then buy it up.

The result—a cigarette of finer tobaccos—mild and mellow, with a naturally lower nicotine content. Have you tried a Lucky lately?

★NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through March 1940, Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.02 parts per hundred—averaging 9.82% less nicotine content than Brand A; 21.09% less than Brand B; 15.48% less than Brand C; 3.81% less than Brand D.

Copyright 1940, The American Tobacco Company

With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Three hours past MIDNIGHT!

It is three hours past midnight.

A mother's arms cradle two sleeping children through an all night journey...

A gay collegiate group arrives in an ancient "jaloppy" singing to the strum of a ukelele...

The restless driver of the little coupe rereads a crumpled telegram and peers anxiously ahead into the dark...

A big truck thunders in... carrying provisions for a distant city.

★ ★ ★

It is three hours past midnight...yet the lights in the Texaco Dealer's Service Station burn on.

Night drivers come in for Texaco *Sky Chief* and *stepped-up* FIRE-CHIEF gasolines, *Insulated* Havoline and Texaco Motor Oils, water, air...the boon of a swiftly cleaned windshield . . . of clean *Registered* Rest Rooms...road maps... the dozens of other courtesy services we gladly render.

All over America during the summer touring season you'll find this efficient *All-Night Service* waiting for you at convenient points along every national highway.

TEXACO DEALERS

The Texas Company

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—starring Kenny Baker and Frances Langford—Every [illegible]—[illegible]—9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.

(Continued from page 18)

"Who were the police 'persuaded' by?"

"Frankly, I don't know. I merely had suspicions."

"Let's have 'em. Who did you suspect?"

"James P. Worts. That is why I—ah—forcibly detained him before your arrival."

Herschman's glance met Spike's in tentative inquiry.

"I think, Inspector," Spike said, "I'd be inclined to shoot the works."

"Excellent, gentlemen, excellent," Pennypacker beamed.

"But you know, doctor," Spike continued, "there's one 'coincidence' you forgot to list. The police in both cases were summoned by Dr. Horatio Pennypacker."

BY the middle of the afternoon the police laboratory reports, some of them still damp, lay on the table between Spike and the inspector in a room of the Ballinger house which they had commandeered for their own use. They read them through and bent over the photographs, comparing and checking.

There was also a heavy manila folder, yellowed by time. It was the official police dossier on the death of Prentice Ballinger. Spike and Herschman leafed it through carefully, to the abrupt termination: an inexplicable cutting off.

The inspector looked up and pushed back his chair. "Well?" he said, and there was half-formed conviction in his voice, but he was waiting for confirmation.

"Yeah," Spike said, and drew out of his pocket the notation Dr. Pennypacker had made earlier in the day. He added two more items:

6. Dr. Horatio Pennypacker summoned police and expressed doubts of suicide.	6. Dr. H. P. summoned police and expressed doubts of suicide.
7. Fingerprints found on the gun belonged to P. Ballinger. No fingerprints found on any other surface except on doorknob—belonging to Sarah Allred, Miss Olivia Grable, and Dr. Pennypacker.	7. Ditto, substituting Moira Ballinger for Prentice Ballinger.

"So what do you think?"

Spike tilted his chair back and reached for a cigarette. "I think," he said slowly, weighing each word, "that there has probably been dirty work at the crossroads—yesterday and twenty years ago. Lightning doesn't strike twice—by accident. The people who must be our special concern are those who were on deck twenty years ago and who are still on deck."

"Such as?"

"First of all, Sarah Allred, Miss Olivia Grable, Pennypacker, and James P. Worts. Others may crop up as we go along."

"I'm inclined to think this Worts guy probably knows a lot that would be useful."

"Yeah; but first let's clean up the small fry among the servants."

The butler of the Ballinger household was tall and thin, with a nervous Adam's apple. Yes, sir, his name was Nicholas Burton. He had worked for Mrs. Ballinger for the past ten years. No, sir, he had never known the late Mr. Ballinger. The other servants were a cook, two parlormaids, a housekeeper, chauffeur, and Mrs. Ballinger's personal maid.

"Now, about last night," Herschman said, and shuffled the reports about on the table before him. His eyes took in part of a sentence on the medical examiner's: ". . . indicates conclusively that death occurred sometime before eleven thirty on Tuesday night."

"Now, about last night. Who was in the house, and what happened, say from dinnertime on?"

"Well, sir, Mrs. Ballinger had her dinner on a tray in her own room about seven, and Miss Ollie ate alone in the dining room. At about eight o'clock Miss Ollie and the housekeeper, Sarah Allred, and Jennie, the first parlormaid, went out together—to the movies, I believe. The only people who remained here were Mrs. Ballinger, cook, the second housemaid, and myself."

"How about Mrs. Ballinger's personal maid and the chauffeur?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Ballinger's maid, Adrienne Cachin, was not here at all. Late yesterday afternoon she received a telephone call from her sister in Jersey. Her sister was ill, and she asked and got permission from Mrs. Ballinger to be absent for a day or two."

THE inspector demanded and noted down the address of the sister in New Jersey.

"And the chauffeur, sir, does not live in the house. He lives with his family on 120th Street, and last night Mrs. Ballinger said that she would not need him, so he went home before dinner." The butler gave the chauffeur's address and Herschman added it to his notation.

"Now, how many of the servants which you have named have been in Mrs. Ballinger's employ for twenty years or more?"

"Only Sarah Allred and Adrienne Cachin."

"They knew the late Mr. Prentice Ballinger?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does Miss Ollie usually go to the movies with the maids?"

"Lately she has, sir. Miss Ollie's not been well and Dr. Pennypacker thinks it unwise for her to go by herself."

"Any visitors during the evening?"

"No, sir."

"No telephone calls, Nicholas?"

"No, sir."

"And the last time you saw Mrs. Ballinger was when you took up her dinner."

"No, sir; that was not the last time. Shortly after Miss Ollie and the maids went out, Mrs. Ballinger rang for me. I should say it was about half past eight. She was in her bedroom preparing to retire early. She asked me to bring her a glass of hot milk and a sedative. She frequently took them."

"Did she seem disturbed in any way?"

NICHOLAS hesitated. "Well—yes, sir; I should say she seemed somewhat upset. But," he added hastily, "Mrs. Ballinger—ah—frequently—her temperament—"

"Don't be hesitant, Nicholas," said Spike. "Every one knows about the famous Ballinger tantrums."

"Yes, sir. I remained downstairs in the butler's pantry in the basement the rest of the evening. At about a quarter to twelve Miss Ollie and the housekeeper and Jennie came in. At twelve o'clock I went upstairs to bed."

"And you heard no sound of a shot or any commotion?"

"No, sir."

The cook and the second parlormaid confirmed the butler's story and added their own. They had remained downstairs with the butler until eleven and had then retired to their rooms on the top floor and slept until seven the following morning.

In the interval while Spike and the inspector waited for the first parlormaid, Spike rose and paced the room. He pounded a fist against stout walls and heavy oaken doors.

"Practically soundproof," he said. "And the butler and the other servants were either two floors below in the basement or two floors above in the attic."

The first parlormaid was pretty and knew it, and was not unaware of the charm of a certain long, lazy, blond young man who smoked complacently while the inspector interrogated her. Her name, she said, was Jennie Craig. She confirmed the trip to the movies of the previous evening, and volunteered that the picture was The Sea Rogue, with Donald Derr, and that she "adored that tall blond type," and looked boldly at Spike.

He grinned and there was just the suggestion of a twitch to the lid of his left eye.

When she had gone he consulted his list. "Suppose we begin with the big shots now—Miss Olivia Grable."

But when they sent a patrolman to fetch her, they got Dr. Pennypacker instead, full of professional protest and forgetful of his recent sleuthing role. "Gentlemen, may I protest against any intrusion upon Miss Ollie's privacy at this time? She is hardly able to sustain the rigors of an official interrogation."

Herschman eyed him quizzically and smiled slightly. "What's the

matter, doctor—trying to impede the course of justice? I thought that was Worts' role."

"Inspector, I resent the implications of that remark. Speaking as Miss Ollie's personal physician, I merely feel it my professional duty to point out that she is not in good health and that any additional strain will work great hardship on her already weakened constitution."

Spike inserted himself tactfully into the conversation: "It is essential that we ask her a few questions, but we shall, I assure you, be as easy on her as possible."

"Very well." Pennypacker was reluctant, but there was nothing for it but to give in. "But at least, gentlemen, will you be kind enough to go to her in her own room?"

The inspector nodded in assent. Pennypacker motioned them to follow him down the hall. He indicated a small elevator. "This goes directly to Miss Ollie's floor. It was installed just for her. In the last six months she has been unable to climb stairs. I'll take you—"

"Oh, no." Herschman put out a restraining hand. "We'll go alone, if you don't mind."

Pennypacker minded emphatically, but he was left sputtering helplessly below.

Miss Ollie's room was on the third floor at the rear. She was sitting by the window in the slanting rays of the afternoon sun. The room was just over Moira Ballinger's sitting room, where James P. Worts was incarcerated, and from time to time there came sounds of his shouting and pounding.

MISS OLLIE was small and white-haired, and the skin stretched over delicate bones was wrinkled and old. There was little about her that resembled the woman who had been found that morning in the garish bedroom below.

Herschman's voice as he introduced himself was softened as if under the spell of her fragility.

"I regret breaking in on you at this time, but there are a few questions we must ask you," he said.

"I understand. Go ahead."

"Tell me, when was the last time you saw your sister alive?"

"Last night about eight o'clock, just before we went to the movies." Her voice was quiet but dry and brittle.

"And did she at that time seem to be upset or troubled about anything?"

She considered this for a moment, then spoke slowly: "My sister was a very temperamental woman. She was frequently upset and troubled."

"But was she last night?"

Again a pause for slow consideration. "Yes."

"By what or by whom?"

"I do not know."

"You did not have dinner with her last night?"

"No."

"But wasn't that strange — you eating alone downstairs and your sister eating alone up in her own room?"

"No; it frequently happened that way."

"Now, when you returned to the house last night after the movies, did you go directly to bed?"

"Yes. I was very tired. We'd had a little ice-cream treat after the picture and we were later than usual."

"And when was the first time that you knew your sister was dead?"

"When Sarah, the housekeeper, told me. She had gone in with a breakfast tray."

"Tell me, Miss Ollie—" Herschman started to speak, but she held up a hand.

"You tell me something, Inspector. Do you think my sister committed suicide?"

FOR a moment Herschman was taken aback by her directness. Then he answered with equal frankness: "No; we think she was murdered. Why—why do you ask?"

"Because"—simply, quietly—"I want to know."

Herschman paused a moment, then went on: "Miss Ollie, will you relate, as nearly as you can recall, just what happened at the time of the death twenty years ago of your brother-in-law?"

"I—why do you ask that?"

"Because," Herschman said simply and quietly, "I want to know."

Her quick glance met his—so quick it was impossible to tell whether the eyes faltered or not. "It was very tragic—and unfortunate." Her voice wavered.

"But I'm asking you, Miss Ollie, to tell me what happened."

"Why—it was one morning early. Sarah found him and called me. He'd—he'd shot himself. That was all—all there was to it."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

The frail wrinkled hands trembled as they gripped the arm of the chair. "Quite sure," she said; and her voice, which for a moment had shown the tremor of some deep emotion, was again dry and brittle.

"And now get Sarah Allred," Herschman said to the patrolman in the hall when they got back to the first-floor chamber.

A few minutes later the woman appeared in the doorway. She was sixty perhaps, tall and strong, with big hands and stout hips and a face of soft wrinkles and deep lines. She stood straight and unsmiling before the inspector, but her voice was lightened by the slight edge of an old-country brogue.

She had worked in the Ballinger household for forty years. She had known the first Mrs. Ballinger, the mother of the son Sidney.

"And a fair, pretty thing she was," she said.

"And so you are the oldest servant here?"

"That I am. I'm the oldest in age—I'll be sixty-seven my next birthday—and I've been here the longest."

"You were here when Mr. Ballinger died?"

"Yes, sir, I was."

"Are there any other servants now working in the house who were here at that time?"

"Adrienne Cachin, Mrs. Ballinger's French maid." The way in which she pronounced the last two words indicated that Adrienne was not one of her greatest passions.

"How long has she been here?"

"Only about twenty-two or -three years."

"Now, Sarah, about last night?"

"Yes, sir. It was around eight o'clock when Jennie and Miss Ollie and me started for the movies. We went just around the corner to the Barrett, like we always do every Tuesday and Friday night when the bill changes. Miss Ollie's not been so well, you know, so some one of us always goes with her. But she was feelin' uncommon good last night, and 'twas a picture we'd wanted a long time to see—Donald Derr in The Sea Rogue. And afterward Miss Ollie took us out for a bit of a treat—sodas down to the confectionery at the corner of Lexington and Eighty-second Street. A regular spree we had, and didn't get in until ten minutes of twelve."

"Now, how about this morning?"

"Well, sir, that Adrienne"—again that slight edge to her voice—"that Adrienne not bein' here, I had to take Mrs. Ballinger's breakfast tray up to her. So at ten o'clock I knocked on her door, and when there wasn't any answer I walked in, thinkin' she is asleep and didn't hear me. And I walked across the room, and then I saw her—and then I went out and told Miss Ollie."

HERSCHMAN considered this a moment. "Now, Sarah, I want you to think back twenty years ago to the time of Mr. Ballinger's death and tell us just what you did *that* morning."

"Well, sir, 'tis a long time ago, but I can remember the same as if it happened this morning. About eight o'clock in the morning it was, and I went up and tapped on Mr. Ballinger's door. I was carryin' a cup of hot water—he drank one every morning before he got up—and when I didn't get any answer I opened the door and walked in, thinkin' he was asleep and hadn't heard me, and then I walked across the room and saw him, and then I went and told Miss Ollie—and—"

She stopped abruptly, her brows creased with sudden realization. "Why, sir, it was just like—just like this morning! Only this morning it was her instead of him."

Herschman looked at Spike. Spike tamped out his cigarette and rose.

"There's something, Inspector, I'd like to have a look at, now that the men are all out of the room upstairs. Come with me, and you too, Sarah."

The three people mounted the stairs to the second floor. In front of Moira Ballinger's bedroom door was a uniformed patrolman. Spike motioned

the housekeeper to wait in the hall. Inside, the bedroom was empty now of the noise, the measuring, the bursting flash of bulbs that had so recently filled it. Even the bed had given up its grisly burden.

Spike stood in the middle of the floor and looked around. There were two chests of drawers, a dressing table, and a writing desk. He crossed to one of the chests and pulled open the top drawer. Then the one below and the one below that. He did the same thing to the second chest. He let down the front of the desk.

Delicate gossamer underclothes in tumbled chaos. Handkerchiefs, gloves, veils, ribbons, flowers in a scramble. The faintly tinted tissue lining the drawers torn and the wood showing through. And, in the desk, letters hastily torn from their envelopes, stationery ripped from its holder, even the blotter lifted out of the four restraining leather sockets at the corners.

Herschman pursed his lips. "Looks like some one had been looking for something."

SPIKE nodded. He crossed the room to the clothes closet, and as he swung the door open a light flashed on. But it was in order. He went to the door, opened it, and motioned to the housekeeper waiting in the hall outside. She came in and he led her to the first chest of drawers. "Tell me, Sarah, was Mrs. Ballinger such a disorderly woman?"

She looked at the tumbled mass of underwear. "That she was not, sir!" She spoke sharply, with surprise and asperity in her voice. "Or at least Adrienne wasn't. Very neat she was. I'll say that for her. Some of those men of yours must have done this, sir, when they were here this morning. Downright thievin' and lootin' it—"

Spike cut her off with a gesture. "No; the police didn't even open these drawers. Think hard, and tell me if you opened any of the dresser or desk or chiffonier drawers after Mr. Ballinger's body was discovered."

"That I did, sir, and for good reason. We had no butler at the time, and 'twas me that gathered together the things they were layin' him out in."

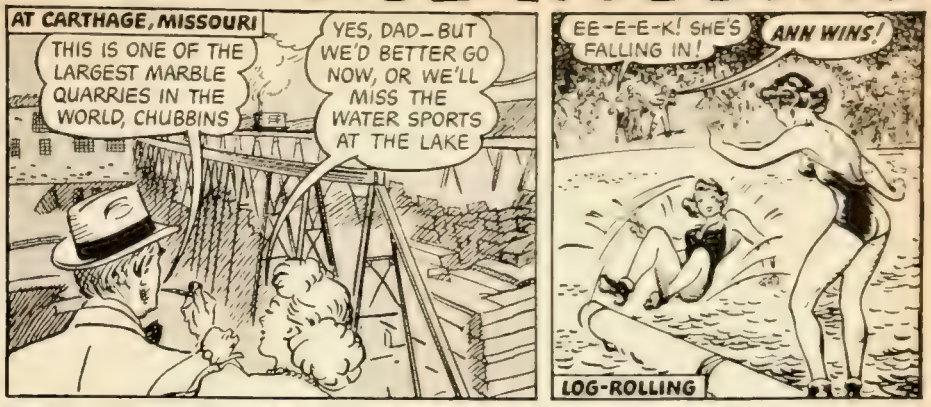
"And did you find the drawers in any disorder?"

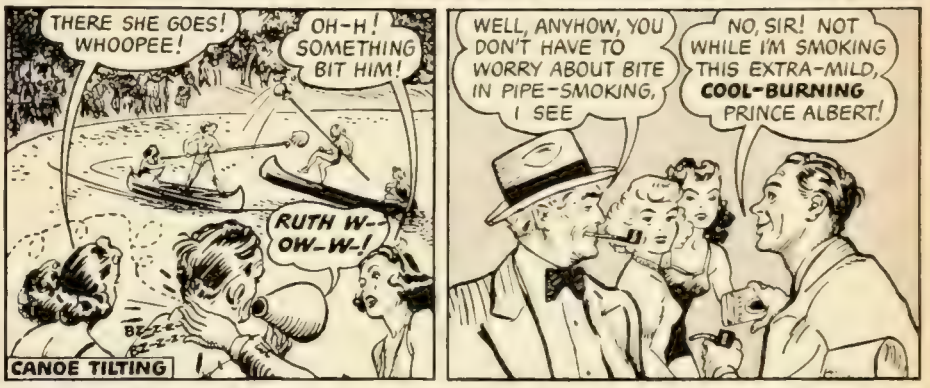
"Everything in its place. A very orderly man, Mr. Ballinger was."

Spike nodded approvingly and pulled a memorandum out of his pocket; but this time he made an entry in one column only of the double column of notations. Back once more in the small room downstairs, he tossed the memorandum across the table to Herschman.

"Well, there she is, Inspector—all yours." He rose and reached for his hat, which he had hooked over a nearby chair. "It's the same old baloney that we've been through a dozen times before. You know the stuff." He spoke in a singsong monotone: "A jane gets murdered, but it's all fixed

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

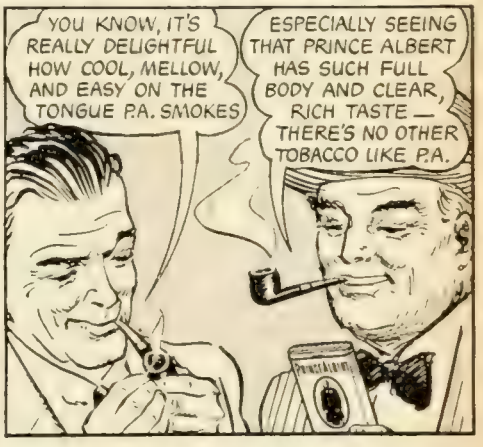

AT CARTHAGE, MISSOURI
THIS IS ONE OF THE LARGEST MARBLE QUARRIES IN THE WORLD, CHUBBINS
YES, DAD—BUT WE'D BETTER GO NOW, OR WE'LL MISS THE WATER SPORTS AT THE LAKE
EE-E-E-K! SHE'S FALLING IN!
ANN WINS!
LOG-ROLLING


THERE SHE GOES! WHOOPEE!
OH-H! SOMETHING BIT HIM!
RUTH W-- OW-W-!
CANOE TILTING
WELL, ANYHOW, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BITE IN PIPE-SMOKING, I SEE
NO, SIR! NOT WHILE I'M SMOKING THIS EXTRA-MILD, COOL-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT!

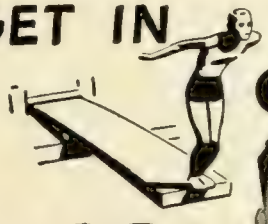
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*


YOU KNOW, IT'S REALLY DELIGHTFUL HOW COOL, MELLOW, AND EASY ON THE TONGUE P.A. SMOKES
ESPECIALLY SEEING THAT PRINCE ALBERT HAS SUCH FULL BODY AND CLEAR, RICH TASTE—THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE P.A.

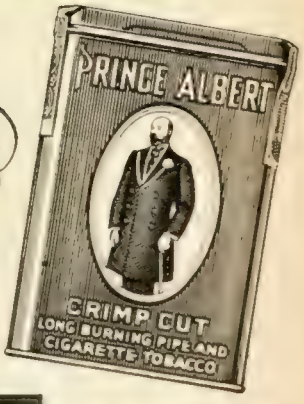
GET IN THE SWIM WITH COOLER, MILDER SMOKING



YOU BET PRINCE ALBERT IS **MILDER**—IT BURNS **COOLER**—AND IT **DRAWS EASY, EVEN!**

MEET THE **RICH BODY** AND **AROMA** OF P.A.'S **CHOICE TOBACCO!** IT'S NO-BITE TREATED!

ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS! P.A. IS **CRIMP CUT** FOR **FAST ROLLING**, TOO—**MILD, TASTY** FOR **'MAKIN'S' SMOKES**



Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket tin of Prince Albert

up to look like it's suicide. Twenty years ago her husband was murdered but *it* was all fixed up like suicide too. And the fixings, with one exception, are identical. Ergo: the same person is responsible for both jobs. So you check up on everybody who knew Moira Ballinger and her husband twenty years ago and who still knows her, and from that list you pick your guy. And it's all a bloody bore that—"

"You don't mind if I come in, do you?" The voice was bright and crisp, and the girl that came with it was bright and crisp too, with hard blue eyes and an upturned nose and a hat that looked like a piece of spinach on toast and cost twenty-five dollars.

She took out a cigarette, lit it, and settled herself comfortably in an armchair. "Don't let me interrupt. You were saying"—and she turned toward Spike—"that all this is a bloody bore. Go right on from—"

"Pardon me, lady," Herschman broke in, "but would you mind telling me who in hell you are and what you're doing here?"

A look of mock soberness came over her. "I'm the sorrowing daughter." She flicked cigarette ash into a receiver.

Herschman instantly became very official. "Miss Ballinger, I had no idea—"

"Forget it, Inspector. Usually I'm called Patsy, and while we're on the subject, who's that and what do you call it?" She waved her cigarette in Spike's direction.

FOR a second he looked flabbergasted. He was not used to being referred to as "that" or "it," and he made the mistake of seeking refuge in dignity.

"Miss Ballinger, my name is Philip Tracy, and I happen to be the brother of the district attorney of—"

"Oh, yes; I've heard about you. Spike, the boy detective. And now you're going to detect who murdered Momma. Tough job you've got, brother."

"Why do you say we have a tough job?"

"Because, my lad, there are so many people who had such tremendously good reasons for murdering her."

"Who, for instance?"

"Well, me, for instance. I'm the only one who has an ironclad alibi for both cases, and if you're any kind of a detective you know that ironclad alibis are almost always a sure indication of guilt. Last night I was out at a masquerade party at Webster Hall. I went as a boy, and I can give you names and addresses of at least five witnesses who had me under their eye until three o'clock this morning. Twenty years ago, when old P. B. popped off, I was in what poets call the 'primordial darkness of the womb.'"

Spike regarded her for a moment. "It seems to me, Miss Ballinger, you are strangely unmoved by your mother's death."

"It seems to me, Mr. Tracy, that it's hypocritical to be sentimental. But if you think I'm unmoved by Momma's death, you're wrong." Her eyes suddenly went hard. "I'm profoundly moved. And so are a lot of other people."

"Such as?"

"Listen, brother. You're not by any chance trying to draw me out, are you?"

"Sister, you never said a truer word."

Their eyes met, and for the first time they both smiled, and slowly the smile turned into a grin. Then she rose. She turned to Herschman. "Listen, Inspector. I'm taking Aunt Ollie home with me out of this house."

Herschman rose too. "Oh, no, you're not."

"Oh, yes, I am. And the only way you can stop us legally is to arrest us. 'By."

And then she was gone, the door slamming shut behind her.

AND now," said Spike briskly, "it seems to me our next move is James P. Worts."

The inspector looked up amusedly. "You're sure you won't be bored?"

"Quite sure; and if you're intimating by any chance that I'm in the slightest degree influenced by that scandalous little wench that's just left, you're just one hundred per cent right. Now let's get going."

Spike went out into the hall and summoned a patrolman. "Dr. Pennypacker around? Ask him to come in here."

A few minutes later Dr. Pennypacker stood once more before Spike and the inspector. "Well, gentlemen, what did you find out? Who—"

Spike cut short his twitterings: "The key, doctor. The key to the room upstairs where Worts is."

Pennypacker put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, then hesitated, a look of apprehension spreading over his round face.

"Give me the key, doctor." Spike held out his hand, waiting.

"But I demand—" The doctor broke off, nettled, disappointed. Finally he surrendered the key.

"And now," Spike went on in a kindlier tone, "I would suggest, doctor, that you leave the house. We're going to release Mr. Worts, and I think you will be safer if you aren't within striking distance."

This foresight was more than justified. Mr. Worts proved to be a very large and red-faced man of about sixty, and in his first rush into freedom he resembled an incoherent bull. It was fully ten minutes before Spike and the inspector were able to reduce him to reasonable coherence by promising immediate incarceration of the doctor.

"The minute we can get our hands on him—the very minute." Spike was stern and soothing at the same time.

"You mean to tell me the fellow isn't in the house? He's dangerous. This is his idea of a joke. He should not be permitted in the house. I've told Mrs. Ballinger that many times. He's been crazy for years. In the future I shall insist that Mrs. Ballinger—"

"Just a minute, Mr. Worts," Herschman put in. "You came to the house this morning at what time? And what happened?"

The choler seemed to abate somewhat. He calmed down. "And may I ask who you are and what you are doing in this house and why you are inquiring?"

HERSCHMAN slipped his hand into his pocket and took out his official badge. "Inspector Herschman of the Homicide Squad," he said briefly. "Mr. Tracy, brother of the district attorney."

Worts seemed puzzled. "I still don't understand what you are doing here."

Herschman hesitated a moment, then came out with it flat-footed. "We're investigating the murder of Moira Ballinger."

"You're *what?*"

Herschman repeated his statement. Both he and Spike were eying the lawyer carefully. But Worts just stood there for a moment. Then he sat down and motioned Herschman and Spike to do likewise.

"Tell me, what has happened?"

"You tell me first. How did you happen to be here this morning?"

"Mrs. Ballinger's maid telephoned me yesterday afternoon about six and said Mrs. Ballinger wanted to see me this morning at eleven."

"Did she say what about?"

"No; just that she wanted to see me. So naturally I came at eleven this morning. I was met at the door by Pennypacker, who said I was to wait in this room; and when I got in here he slammed the door and locked it."

"Mr. Worts, how long have you been Mrs. Ballinger's legal adviser?"

"My father before me was Prentice Ballinger's lawyer for many years. He died two years before Mr. Ballinger, and I have handled all the Ballinger affairs since then."

"You were Mr. Ballinger's lawyer at the time of his death?"

"Yes."

"Do you recall anything that happened the day before he died? Did you get any tel—"

"Inspector, I'm trying to be very patient, but before we indulge in any little journeys into the past, I demand to know what has happened here this morning."

There was a silence, and the inspector eyed him shrewdly. Then he spoke quietly: "Mrs. Ballinger was found dead in her bed this morning by the housekeeper. There was a bullet through her brain, and the gun was clutched in her right hand—with her fingerprints on it."

Worts considered this a moment. Then, "And you call that murder, Inspector?"

"Well, what's your idea?"

Worts sniffed derisively. "Under those circumstances, I'm afraid you'd have a hard time convincing a jury of anything but suicide."

"Yeah," Herschman said casually; "suicide. It must run in the family."

Worts stiffened. "You're referring to Prentice Ballinger?"

"How'd you guess? Now let's get back to where we were before—twenty years ago, at the time of Prentice Ballinger's death. Did you get any telephone message from him the day before he died?"

Worts hesitated. Then he let go a brief "Yes."

"What did he want?"

"He asked me to come and see him the following morning at ten."

"Say what he wanted?"

"No."

"And the next morning at ten you came, and he was dead. You have the Ballinger will?"

"Of course."

"What are its terms?"

"The document is in my office, if you'd care to come down there."

"I wouldn't. And I don't want fine points of detail just now; I want the general outline."

"Very well. Prentice Ballinger executed a will shortly after his marriage, leaving his entire fortune to his wife."

"Nothing to his children?"

"Nothing during her lifetime except what she chose to give them. On her death the estate is divided equally among the three children."

"Had Mrs. Ballinger any power to alter that will?"

"None whatever."

"Now, Mr. Worts — to get back again to twenty years ago—"

"Excuse me, Inspector. I understand your position and your duty, but kindly try and understand mine. I have been practically incommunicado for four hours. There are several things at my office that demand attention, at least by telephone. I must make a call immediately, then I shall put myself at your service."

Herschman hesitated, and as he did so his eyes caught Spike's and the brief message that flashed from them.

"Very well," he said.

Worts reached for his hat. "I prefer," he said, not without irony, "to do my telephoning in some sort of privacy, if you don't mind. And that, of course, is out of the question in this house. I'll just drop down to the cigar store on the corner."

Herschman started to protest, but again there was one of those quickly flashed messages from the younger man. They followed the lawyer out of the room into the deep-carpeted hall, and he started down the broad front stairs.

"Spike, will you—" The inspector turned to look behind him, and found himself addressing empty air. He was alone in the upper hall.

Whither has Spike vanished—and why? Is Dr. Pennypacker really crazy? To whom is Worts going to phone, that it must be so secret? What is the inspector's next move? Follow up the clues and trails in next week's Liberty—a mystery of mysteries is ahead of you!

It was news to me that large frankfurts could be so tender!
They actually cut with a fork . . . and are marvelously juicy and fine-flavored!

Frankfurts with Savory Tomatoes. *Simmer—do not boil—Frankfurts 5 to 8 minutes and serve immediately. Spread both sides of thick tomato slices with prepared mustard. Dip in fine, dry, bread crumbs mixed with grated onion. Season with salt and pepper. Brown in a small amount of hot fat.*

THANKS to a new method of "tendering" their skins, Frankfurts now take their place among other *specially good* dinner meats. This new method . . . exclusive with Swift & Company . . . makes the skins delicately fork-tender. You never saw anything like it!

Made of fine meats, these plump savory links are seasoned with fragrant spices . . . carefully smoked over fires of aromatic hardwoods. Then they're "tendered" in pineapple juice! No pineapple flavor remains . . . only the new tenderness that makes them appropriate for a "company" dinner.

Ask for this new dinner favorite *by name* . . . Swift's Premium Frankfurts.

Take your choice! *In addition to the big "dinner" size, your dealer has Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts in the standard size, equally delicious. But whichever you choose, look for the "Swift's Premium" seal of finest quality.*

Copr. 1940 by Swift & Company

SWIFT'S PREMIUM *Tender Frankfurts*

Swift's spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country make many other "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" meat products, including Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Bologna . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!

UNCLE SHERLOCK PUTS ON THE GLASSES

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IF I were to tell you that a laboratory was to be the hero of this story—which I won't do for fear you wouldn't read it—you might say:

"Why not give us something really exciting, like a bathtub or a kitchen sink?"

So let's talk, instead, about a murder.

And let's let J. Edgar Hoover, the boss G-man, do the talking:

"In faraway Alaska," began Mr. Hoover, who was in one of his rare reminiscent moods, "a prospector was murdered. Investigative officers, reaching the scene of the crime on snowshoes, arrested two suspects, one an ex-convict whose clothes were bloodstained and who carried a rifle of the same caliber as that of the bullet which had caused the death; the other a young Eskimo boy who apparently had little to bring suspicion upon him other than that he also had a rifle of the same caliber.

"The ex-convict admitted that he had fired a shot from his rifle, but said that he had shot not a human being but a reindeer, the blood of which had stained his clothing.

"In a more unenlightened time in the field of scientific law enforcement, a mystery beyond solution might have developed. However, the results in this case were vastly different. From the faraway prospector's cabin in the snowy wastes of Alaska, the evidence was hurried by dog team to the nearest city. There it was placed in an airplane and speeded across the tundra wastes; then it was sent across the continent to Washington.

"Here, white-garbed men received the evidence for scientific study. The rifles were examined; shots were fired from them to determine exactly the type of markings they left upon the bullets. The murder bullet itself was matched, mark by mark, against bullets fired from those rifles. With his test tubes and his chemicals, a scientist went over the clothing of the ex-convict, making first his tests for bloodstains and then developing these further by tests to determine whether these stains were caused by blood of a human being or of an animal.

"All of this happened within a comparatively few hours, finally to resolve itself into the flash of a telegraph message back to Alaska where two men were facing death for the murder which one of them had committed in the lonely snowbound mountain cabin. That information was highly revealing, for it showed that the story of the ex-convict, who otherwise might have been unjustly returned to prison for a crime he did not commit, was true. The blood on his clothes was animal blood, and the markings of his rifle proved con-

George Brown and Fannie Kurz were sitting in the former's parked car when they were approached by an unknown man.

clusively that it could not have fired the bullet which ended the life of the prospector.

"Then the Eskimo boy was faced with the evidence. He could not evade conclusions brought about through investigations made thousands of miles away, and so he confessed that he, the young man who otherwise might have escaped, was guilty."

Well, Mr. Hoover's story, although it started with a murder in Alaska, landed in a laboratory after all, as do most of the stories of G-men achievements of which he is most proud. For example, the solving of the apparently unsolvable mystery surrounding the death of Mrs. Everett B. Hughes of Pueblo, California.

The Hugheses, to all outward eyes, were a happy family. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes and their two children, son and daughter, had watched the old year out and the new year in amid the usual scenes of domestic jollity, and had settled down to what seemed to hold every prospect of being a happy new year. Just a few days later, however, the body of Mrs. Hughes was found buried in a shallow grave not far from her home. A bullet from a .22 rifle had passed through her head.

Mr. Hughes, on being interviewed by the authorities, readily admitted that he had killed his wife but strictly in self-defense.

There had been family trouble for some time, he said. His wife had told him that she hated him and that she was going to leave him for another man. On the night of the killing, he continued, her hatred had taken on the aspect of maniacal ferocity, and she had seized a revolver and advanced upon him with the obvious intention of destroying him. Whereupon, having no chance to escape and being in fear of his life, he had grabbed his rifle and fired the shot that killed her. Then, frightened by what he had done, he had dragged the body away from the house and buried it.

In the light of Mrs. Hughes' reputation in the community, this story didn't ring true. However, every police department has run upon so many cases in which family discord and even marital unfaithfulness had been successfully hidden for long periods from the outside world, that the Pueblo authorities did not dismiss Hughes' version of the crime as necessarily false. Even the extremely suspicious circumstance of his having concealed the body did not argue certain guilt: wholly honest persons, when frightened, do the most extraordinary things.

Besides, there were the letters, three of them: one addressed to the son, one to the daughter, one to Mr. Hughes; all of them signed by the dead woman; and all of them confirming Mr. Hughes' statement that she had come to hate her husband and had decided to leave him. Here, almost from the grave, came documentary support for part of Hughes' story—and there were no eyewitnesses to prove that the rest of it was not true.

With commendable tenacity, however, the sheriff's office at Pueblo conducted an intensive investigation, in the course of which considerable doubt was thrown on the authenticity of the letters. The signatures were

Nemesis in the laboratory! . . Amazing true detective tales of science and the modern sleuth, as revealed by the F. B. I.

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

genuine, there was no doubt of that; and the typing had apparently been done on the family machine. So far, so good. But there was the possibility, of course, that by some device Mrs. Hughes had been persuaded to sign these sheets while they were still blank, and that some one else had typed in the body of the letters above the signatures.

Color was lent to this theory when it was discovered that Mrs. Hughes had composed some verses in celebration of New Year's, which she proposed to sign and distribute at the family party. Her husband, ever helpful, had offered to type them for her, and, as the police suspected, had suggested that she sign the blank sheets to be used for this purpose. The possibility that he might have secured more signatures than he actually used for the jingles—well, the thought inspired the sheriff to continue his investigation.

And not without further results which made the sheriff very thoughtful. Hughes had said that he had shot his wife when she was advancing toward him in one part of the house. There was, however, no signs of a murder having taken place in that room. On the other hand, in quite another part of the house there was a chair on which were found several stains which resembled blood.

The sheriff sent the section of the chair containing the stains to the technical laboratory of the F. B. I. at Washington, and, for good measure, threw in the gun from which the bullet was admittedly fired.

ON March 24, 1938, Hughes went to trial. There were still no eyewitnesses to confute his plea of self-defense. But there was a stranger in town, a clean-cut scholarly young man, who proved to be a qualified representative of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, an honest-to-goodness G-man—even if he did spend his days looking into test tubes instead of gun muzzles—and when he showed up unexpectedly at the trial as a witness for the State, he proved by irrefutable scientific evidence that the stains on the chair in the Hughes home were, in fact, human blood.

He went further. He showed that the gun, which Hughes himself said he used to fire the shot, could not have inflicted the kind of wound it did inflict if fired at a distance of several feet, as claimed by Hughes; that it would make a powder pattern similar to that which surrounded the wound in Mrs. Hughes' head only if it were held within less than half an inch from the head.

Hughes' story of shooting his wife while she was advancing toward him and at some distance was thus proved an impossible fabrication, and the State's claim that he shot her deliberately, presumably while asleep in the bloodstained chair, and after "planting" the letters purporting to support his version of the crime, was immeasurably strengthened. So what would have been, in pre-Hoover days, a hopeless case resulted in the prompt conviction of a cold-blooded murderer.

Sometimes Hoover and his men have even less to go on than they did in the Hughes case.

A year ago last March, Sheriff Newcome and State Patrolman Miller entered the home of George Pingley in Winchester, Virginia, to serve legal papers, and were met in the darkness by a discharge from Pingley's 12-gauge shotgun. The sheriff dropped to the floor, mortally wounded. Patrolman Miller, although badly hurt, pressed on, revolver in one hand, flashlight in the other. But before he had gone far, his revolver was knocked from his hand by some heavy instrument, his flashlight fell to the floor and, in the confusion, Pingley managed to escape.

SUBSEQUENTLY Pingley was captured and arraigned for the murder of Sheriff Newcome. There was no doubt about the shots having been fired from Pingley's gun. Patrolman Miller had recovered and was ready to testify as to the facts.

Pingley's plea, like Hughes', was self-defense. Sheriff Newcome, he said, had entered his house and attacked him. In the struggle to defend himself, his gun went off accidentally. As for attacking Miller, he denied it absolutely. He had not knocked down the patrolman's gun, and had had no contact with him whatsoever.

Against this story the State of Virginia had only the unsupported word of Patrolman Miller—*and* the F. B. I.

The alert investigating officers in Winchester, who had recovered Pingley's gun at his home, noticed on the barrel a small indentation which seemed to contain minute scratches. On the chance that these might have some significance, they sent the gun, along with the patrolman's revolver, to the F. B. I. technical laboratory.

The boys in the white coats went to work on the indentation on the barrel of Pingley's gun. Under the powerful laboratory microscopes, they were able to get an enlarged picture of the scratches on the surface of this dent, which furnished to their expert eyes half of the solution of the case. Then they went to work on the patrolman's revolver.

A minute scratch on the surface of this weapon proved, under the comparison microscope, to have parallel lines or grooves or channels—striae is the technical term—which corresponded to the striae in the dent on Pingley's gun—proving beyond refutation that the scratch was caused by a severe blow from no other weapon than the gun with which Pingley had already killed the sheriff.

Thus the Bureau was able to give an honest witness the corroboration necessary to offset the made-up story of a dishonest witness and bring about a just conviction.

"It is this building of tiny integrals into a massive whole of evidence," explains Mr. Hoover, "which enables the Federal Bureau of Investigation to convict 96 per cent of the persons whom it takes to trial. For instance, in the kidnaping of Edward G. Bremer of St. Paul, Minnesota, law-enforcement officers of a few years ago might have been at a loss to learn the identity of the perpetrators. But a gasoline can was found, as a result of a search organized by special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and forwarded to the technical laboratory in Washington.

"There, scientists, by the use of chemical tests, developed the fact that upon this gasoline can was a single fingerprint which, under the influence of chemicals, stood out stark and revealing. Immediately efforts were transferred to the identification division and centered upon the single fingerprint file, wherein are gathered, for purposes of easy identification, the individually classified prints of each finger of more than 14,000 of America's most desperate criminals. We felt that the band which had kidnaped Edward G. Bremer was one including members of a desperate gang. If this were so, their fingerprints would be in this filing case.

"So the search began, through card after card, running onward through one file and then another and into a third, and there stood emblazoned the fingerprint which matched the one on the gasoline can. It was a print of a finger of Arthur 'Doc' Barker, a member of a murderous gang of outlaws, thugs, and bank robbers which had pillaged and plundered throughout the Middle West, leaving a trail of crime and blood behind them.

"We trailed 'Doc' Barker. We trailed his brother. We trailed their mother, who had reared them in a life of crime. We trailed his companions, Volney Davis, Russell Gibson, Bill Weaver, and others, finally to that 'Public Rat Number One,' Alvin Karpis; in all, bringing about the arrest and conviction or eradication by death of more than thirty-five men and women who directly or indirectly had played their part in the kidnaping and holding for ransom of an American citizen."

THE more than 14,000 single fingerprints of notorious criminals mentioned by Mr. Hoover are but a small fraction of the Bureau's nearly 12,000,000 fingerprints which are at the disposal of local law-enforcement organizations throughout the country. They are often invaluable in the solution of a crime or in saving from unjust suspicion some wholly innocent person.

Mr. Hoover has also established a system of international exchange of fingerprints, in which identification bureaus in eighty-nine foreign countries and territorial possessions now participate. Newspaper reports of arrests and convictions of international crooks testify to the efficacy of the system. A few headlines tell the story: Subject Wanted for Violation of National Bankruptcy Law Identified by Vienna Police from

Wanted Circular Issued by F. B. I.; Fugitives Identified Through International Fingerprint Exchange; Fingerprints Reveal Complete Record of International Thief.

The fingerprint principle, thanks to the publicity which the F. B. I. has given to it, is now fairly well known to the general public, and since the Lindbergh case and the frequent references to the alleged cast of the supposed kidnaper's foot, the importance of footprints as a means of identification is also generally understood. Few know, however, what the F. B. I. experts are able to do with horses' hoofs and automobile tires.

In a recent cattle-stealing case, for instance, both hoofprints and tireprints helped materially in identifying the thieves. The prints of one of the horses used in the round-up were recognized by a neighbor as being of especially large size, and therefore possibly belonging to an unusually large horse owned by a man named Simons. Photographs of these tracks, when examined and measured by the F. B. I. experts and scientifically compared with the known measurements of the Simons horse, proved beyond question that this animal was used to effect the crime.

Simons also owned a Ford truck, and such a truck had been observed by a passer-by near the scene of the theft, filled with cattle. Photographs of tire tracks left by the unidentified truck disclosed by their patterns that the tires on the front wheels were of one make and those on the rear wheels were of another. This arrangement was found to be true of the Simons truck, both as to makes of tires and distribution.

Of course neither of these identifications—or, for that matter, not even the combination of them — placed Simons himself at the scene of the crime; but, taken in connection with other evidence, it assisted in convicting this defendant, along with several other participants in the theft.

While on the subject of automobiles, here is a bit of information which may be useful if you are unfortunate enough to become the victim of a hit-and-run fiend. These culprits are very hard to convict, especially if the accident happens at night. Testimony of the victim, even if he recovers, is usually of little value, because he seldom knows what hit him. The driver, if he is alone, invariably denies all knowledge of the accident. If he has passengers, they are likely to be friends whose evidence is prejudiced in his favor.

There was such a case last year near Milford, Delaware, in which one passenger testified in favor of the driver and one against him. The driver himself denied that he had hit anything. The victim could make no positive identification. The State was convinced that the man was guilty, but could not hope for a conviction on the evidence of these witnesses.

At this point Lieutenant Norman Purnell of the State Highway Department stepped into the picture. He had attended the F. B. I. National Police Academy, which Director Hoover conducts in Washington for the benefit of local police officers who wish to familiarize themselves with the most modern methods of crime detection and law enforcement, and he realized that the authorities had in their possession a different kind of evidence, which might prove, upon examination by experts, to be irrefutable.

This evidence was a thread which was found on the right fender of the hit-and-run car. This thread, together with a thread drawn from the coat worn by the victim at the time of the accident, were sent to Washington for scientific examination. Under the comparison microscope they were found to be identical both as to size and type of fiber. Moreover, chemical analysis showed that the same type of dyestuff was present in both specimens.

A qualified representative of the F. B. I. accompanied by an enlargement of the photograph of the threads taken under the microscope, appeared at the trial. His testimony and that of this photomicrograph destroyed the case of the defense and resulted in a well deserved conviction.

In G-men circles this is known as the case that hung by a thread!

Often, as newspaper readers know, the outcome of a trial hangs not on a thread but on a specimen of handwriting. There is, as a matter of fact,

(Continued on page 32)

Close shaves are easy, you can bet,
Each time you use a Thin Gillette.
These thrifty blades are just the ticket
For breezing through the facial thicket!
Outlasts ordinary blades two to one!
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
Gillette
4 for 10c
8 for 19c
The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

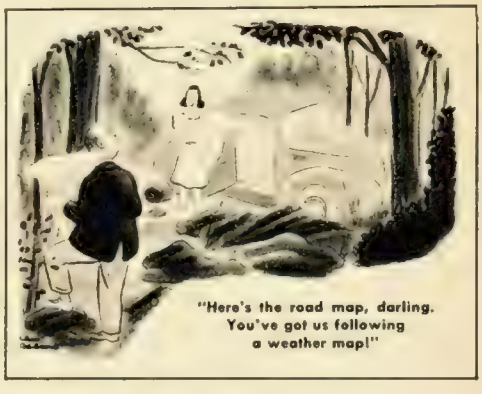
"Can't you wait until we get home to develop your little pictures, dear?"

What Not to do

___Valuable advice in words and pictures by:

NED HILTON ★ DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT
REAMER KELLER ★ GARRETT PRICE
FRANK BEAVEN ★ CHARLES ADDAMS
RICHARD TAYLOR ★ GARDNER REA

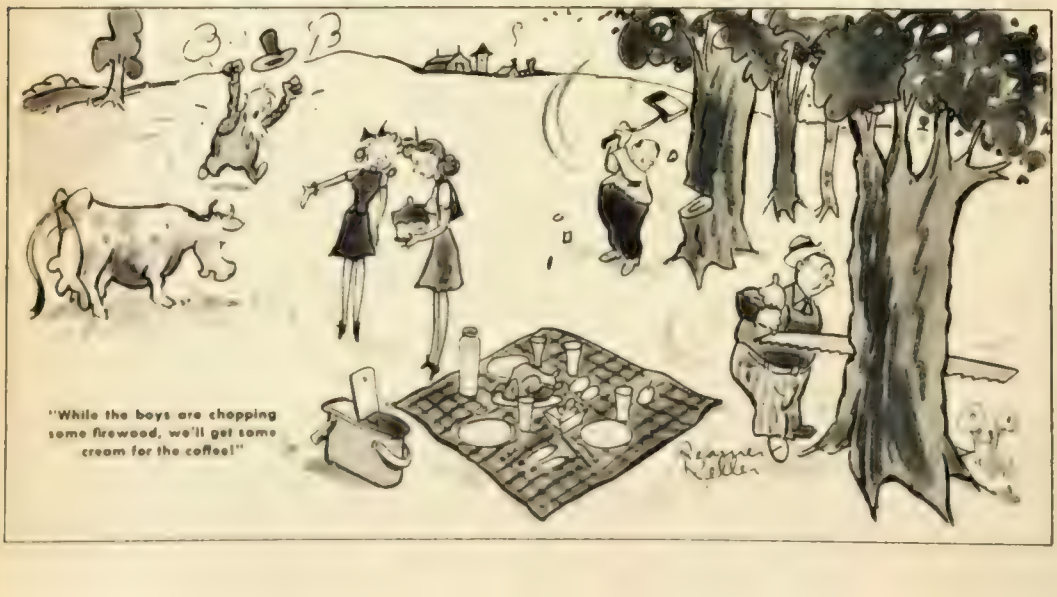
"Maybe if you shake it they'll go away!"



"Here's the road map, darling. You've got us following a weather map!"

"Tell him it opens just like a bottle!"

"You know so much about plants, Mr. Stokes, is this what they call Poison Ivy?"



"While the boys are chopping some firewood, we'll get some cream for the coffee!"

"Sweetie Pie, there's the loveliest spot right over

and the

By CHA

IT IS my conviction that an picnic basket which lacks proper supply of Schlitz Beer i not a picnic basket in the rea sense of the word. It's just a basket

The famous flavor of Schlitz i the final touch to a good picnic Its buoyant sparkle matches the happy gurgle of the brook. The brisk tang goes with the freshness of the air. And the distinguished appearance of the Schlitz bottles lends a lordly look to your spread.

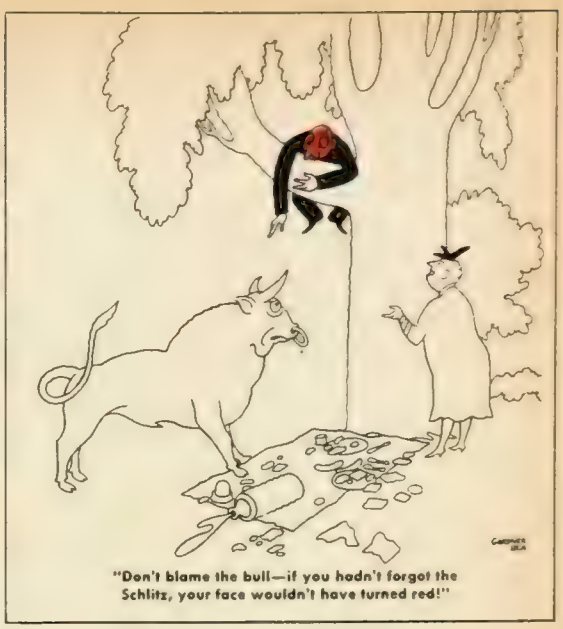
If you prefer your beer in cans you'll cheer for the fact that the Schlitz can opens like a bottle, with any bottle opener.

You'll love the first savory taste

THE BEER T

...t a Picnic

"You mean that little sign that said 'No Trespassing'? —We used that to cook the bacon."


"Don't blame the bull—if you hadn't forgot the Schlitz, your face wouldn't have turned red!"

"Mind if I smoke?"

...ht thing to do—

TAKE ALONG PLENTY OF SCHLITZ!

...EWTON

...f Schlitz, and appreciate it more ...s each succeeding sip caresses ...ur thirsty throat.

You'll quickly discover how im-...ortant it is that the glorious, ...riginal mellow flavor of Schlitz ... protected from contact with ...r, so that it retains its freshness ...ght up to the moment you drink ... In short, I'm hinting that ...chlitz is good to have along on ... picnic.

And right now, may I suggest ... preview of your next picnic? ...pen a bottle of that even finer ...chlitz and find out for yourself ...ow really good a bottle of beer ...an be.

IN THE FAMOUS BROWN BOTTLE AND THE CAN THAT OPENS LIKE A BOTTLE

FOR ALMOST A CENTURY
THE SUPREME QUALITY OF SCHLITZ
DRAUGHT BEER HAS MADE IT
THE CHOICE OF THOSE WHO LOVE
REAL DRAUGHT BEER

Copyright 1940, JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR GREAT OCCASIONS

AN EVEN FINER

Schlitz

...7 MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

COMPACTO, the unique French-type Syringe, folds ingeniously into a small rubberized case—equally handy for your bathroom or for travel.

Not only is the mouth of this syringe non-collapsible, it is also extra wide . . . making it much simpler to test water temperature.

Easy to fill—Quick to dry—Compacto actually holds 2 quarts, 10 ounces of liquid.

• At home, just tuck it away on your medicine-cabinet shelf—concealed in its smart-looking, talon-fastened case. On trips, it takes no more space in your suitcase than a small handbag. Yet a Compacto holds far more liquid than an ordinary syringe . . . and is the *only* folding syringe with a non-collapsible mouth to facilitate mixing and to prevent spilling when in use. $2.95 at leading drug and department stores—in Red, Jade, Blue and White with Cases to match. White also with Black Case.

A Selected RED-SEAL VALUE

The SEAMLESS RUBBER Company

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Specialists in Fine Rubber Goods for 65 Years

(Continued from page 29)

a never-ending dispute as to the admissibility and value of the testimony of handwriting experts. But there is one type of handwriting identification about which there can be no dispute.

On a mild evening in the month of May, 1934, George Brown and Fannie Kurz were sitting in the former's car, parked in Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania Military Park in Virginia, when they were approached by an unknown man, ordered out, beaten up, and left in a semiconscious condition. The man recovered, but the girl died; and a nation-wide search was made for the murderer.

A year later, Earl Williams, a Negro, was taken into custody at Iuka, Mississippi, and upon questioning, readily admitted the assault of the previous May 20. Subsequently, however, Williams retracted his confession and presented as an alibi the records of the Baptist Young People's Union of the Central Baptist Church in St. Louis, which purported to establish his presence at a meeting of the Union at 7.30 P. M. on the very evening that the crime was committed in faraway Virginia.

Upon examination by F. B. I. experts, this entry and several other supporting ones were found to be not only in the handwriting of some person other than the officer of the Union whose duty it was to keep the records, but written in an ink of entirely different chemical composition from that used to make the rest of the entries in the book. It seems that one Otho B. Henderson, a former superintendent of the B. Y. P. U. in that city, upon learning of "Earl's trouble," had obtained possession of the records and made the false entries and obliterations.

Earl Williams got life.

INCIDENTALLY, in this case photographic and microscopic examinations used in the restoration of obliterated writing showed that the heading, "May, 1934," had originally read "July-September, 1934"—which brings up the point that in the old days criminals were able to get away with almost anything in the handwriting line by this simple process of obliteration. Sometimes they used sharp instruments, sometimes chemicals; in either case, the effect, when skillfully obtained, was the same: a complete blocking of justice. Now, however, the F. B. I. technical experts have developed so many devices for the restoration of obliterated writing that the value of this method of attempted destruction of evidence has been reduced practically to nil.

Infra-red photography and ultra-violet light rays do wonders in throwing up obliterated writing and making it entirely legible. Chemical treatment of the document also produces remarkable results in some cases, and examination by microscope often reveals a displacement of paper fibers which discloses the outlines of the obliterated letters. In extreme cases, flashing a parallel beam of light across the surface of the paper will disclose shadows in indentations which are not otherwise discernible.

Wonders have also been accomplished when documents have been destroyed by fire. Criminals seldom put it over on Uncle Sherlock, once he puts on his glasses.

Take the case of the two Italian would-be smart boys, Nicandro Atella and Anthony Perrino, who robbed the safe in that CCC camp near Plymouth, Vermont.

All the G-men had with which to tie these thieves to the crime were several very light fragments of charred particles of various sizes, which the wind had carried onto the leaves of some dense bushes a considerable distance from the spot where Atella and Perrino had been seen tearing up papers and throwing them into a fire.

THE crooks in this case had taken every possible precaution, shoveling the ashes of their fire into a near-by stream and stamping all remaining evidence of it into the soft ground. But the particles snatched by the wind betrayed them.

Experts in the F. B. I. laboratory placed these charred fragments in a chamber containing a high degree of humidity and allowed them to remain until they had become sufficiently flexible to permit flattening and spreading out for photographing. Then Mr. Hoover's men did a job on them which resulted in sending the two thieves to the United States pen at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.

Using varying degrees of illumination and various types of filters and photographing plates, including infra-red, the laboratory cameramen were able to photograph clearly both the printed matter and handwriting on these burnt fragments, which proved to be identical with the printed matter and handwriting known to have been on the record sheets in the robbed safe.

When these photographs, together with photographs of the blank forms known to be in use at the camp—all greatly enlarged—were shown to the jury, their evidence was graphic and indisputable.

Attention to detail—that is the secret of the success of J. Edgar Hoover and his G-men, whether their work is done in the laboratory or in the field. And the best part of it all is that the underworld has at last recognized that this piling of detail on detail results in an impregnable case, against which it is silly to impose a specious defense. Over 90 per cent of the crooks who go to jail as the result of the activities of the F. B. I. plead guilty rather than face the Bureau's experts.

"Why should I lie to you?" said Volney Davis, the notorious Barker-Karpis gangster, when he was captured in the Bremer case. "You know more about me than I can remember about myself!"

THE END

Walter was surprised to see Eloise up, dressed in businesslike tweeds.

MONEY talks

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

A synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on page 34

PART NINE—AN ESCAPADE AND AN AWAKENING

"NOT news about Walter?" Dee cried, the color draining instantly from her happily flushed cheeks. Her cry, her expression made Chub groan inwardly. They told him what he had begun to fear—that Dee, the girl he hoped to make his own, the girl who suited him and his home and ideals of living—had conceived a girlish infatuation for Walter Bassett! Chub didn't blame her; Walter was a prince. But Walter was not for her; he would belong to Eloise till the end of his story. Chub knew that. And now he also knew that he, Chub, was going to have an almost impossibly hard time winning Dee. Not that he intended to let that knowledge stop him!

His own expression was determined, therefore, and there was a brusqueness in his voice as he answered, "The news concerns Walter; but he's all right."

"Then what is it?"

"Eloise."

At that moment two friends of

Can disaster change a woman's heart? Swiftly a vivid modern novel rises to a surprising climax

Chub hailed him, stopped to chat. Chub had to perform introductions; Dee had to smile and utter polite inanities. And all the while, apprehension, a kind of morbid excitement were whirling about in her brain.

As soon as they took their leave, Dee demanded, "What about Eloise?"

"Oh, another one of her escapades —only this one serious. I don't know any details—only what Walter told me in a hurry over the phone before he flew to Aiken."

Dee's heart sank. Walter had flown to Aiken! Then she wouldn't see him.

"I gathered from what he said," Chub went on, "that Eloise got into one of her high, spectacular moods at a cocktail luncheon this afternoon, dared Dr. Paisley to go up in her plane alone with her, and stunted over the house-party estate. Nobody knows just how it happened—whether Eloise spiraled too low and lost control of the ship, or whether Paisley tried to get the stick away from her. Anyway, they crashed the plane smack down on the terrace, practically in the laps of the cocktailers."

Dee's eyes were wide with horror. "Were they—?"

"No. Eloise, as usual, got off fairly well. A terrific shake-up and plenty of bruises. But it appears that Paisley's in a bad way—a spinal injury of some sort; just how serious, the doctors haven't yet diagnosed. Eloise is nearly out of her mind with remorse and worry; and, as always, has sent posthaste for Walter."

"Of course! How awful for them all! Especially for her."

"Yes, she was pretty keen about Paisley."

"I didn't mean that. I mean Oh, Chub, there wouldn't be anything on earth harder to live with than the thought that you had crippled some one!"

He nodded gloomily. Then, because Dee looked so white and shaken, he took her arm, tried to lighten his tone. "Maybe it will work out all right. Maybe Paisley isn't as badly hurt as they feared; maybe this experience will grow Eloise up. Lord knows, she needs to grow up! She's so beautiful and talented that, if only she got over her childish wildness, I'm sure Walter could be very happy with her." Chub said this deliberately, and nodded when Dee agreed faintly. Then, changing his tone, he said, "Now, tell me *your* news."

Dee pulled herself together. She told him that the job was hers and that she and Miss Cawthorne were to leave for Florida on the following day—by plane.

"Somehow," she said, "I can't imagine any one like Miss Cawthorne flying!"

"I can't either," Chub said positively.

"But—how—you haven't met her, have you?"

Chub did some swift mental gymnastics. "What I mean is—I can't imagine any one whose name is Miss Augusta Cawthorne taking to wings —not, at least, on this earth. And now, young lady, I am going to be your doctor and prescribe for you. I'm not as rich as our good friend Walter, but—as I told you on that lucky-for-me occasion when first we met—I have a heart of gold, so you and I are going to one of the smartest, gayest, newest cocktail places in New York and do a bit of energetic elbow-bending before we go home to a quiet evening in Brooklyn. You're to forget that anything even resembling unhappiness exists in the world. Agreed?"

His glance, through his sparkling glasses, challenged hers. He didn't let her see that he was struggling to achieve for himself exactly the philosophy that he recommended to her. And that it was hard to do. He loved her so! Why did she have to be entangled in a kind of movie-hero crush on the unattainable—fortunately—Walter?

Dee, eager to put off the "quiet evening in Brooklyn" under the too-bright gaze of Chub's mother, agreed. As they were starting to leave the hotel, however, she remembered Aunt Flossie, and went to telephone her difficult relative the news of the Florida job.

But Aunt Flossie was a skeptic; and by now she had had time to think up all the reasons why she should not feel at ease about anything in New York City — particularly anything connected with her niece. Yes, Aunt Flossie's friend was driving back to Eastmouth in the morning; but no, Aunt Flossie wouldn't go until she had seen Dee.

Dee, bowing to the inevitable, said, "I'll come see you right away."

She left the booth and faced Chub. "I can't go cocktailing. I've got to settle Aunt Flossie's mind. If I don't, she'll go back home and upset them all—and just as mother is completely recovered and things are going smoothly!"

Chub wanted to say harsh words about Aunt Flossie. But he was one who understood that it is wiser to pacify middle-aged female relatives than to put them on their surprisingly aggressive mettle. So he agreed. "We'll *both* go call on your Aunt Flossie; and we'll take her to dinner —to some place with subduing lights and soothing music. We'll do a job on her."

Dee managed a smile. Chub was a comforting darling! For a minute she could see life with him stretching out ahead—with all the rough spots smoothed out, with his kind, jolly eyes beaming at her and his understanding brain ironing out the difficulties in every trying situation. It wouldn't be so bad. Why had she felt so smothered by his affection—and his mother's interest — last night? Wasn't being cherished perhaps the most desirable thing in life? And wouldn't it be easier—with Chub at her side—to forget Walter?

When Chub returned from the telephone, Dee gave him such a warm smile that his heart suddenly lightened. He felt an overwhelming urge to ask her to marry him right then and there. But he had no opportunity to say anything to her at all. The elevator doors opened and Miss Augusta Cawthorne came sailing out toward them.

Miss Cawthorne was now clad in the nearest modern equivalent possible to black bombazine; and her headgear was definitely a bonnet. Also, she carried a reticule even more imposing than the one she had carried

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

IN New York for a radio tryout which may get her a job on a church program, Dee Mason meets Walter Bassett, a wealthy young man she knew on Cape Cod when she was six and he was sixteen. He takes her to visit his schooner, which is anchored in the Hudson, and there she meets his wife, Eloise, a beautiful spoiled woman who does not love Walter but who counts on his chivalry to prevent his divorcing her. Eloise, jealous of her husband's obvious interest in Dee, pretends to try to commit suicide by diving from a mast, and the next day the papers feature sensational stories of the affair, referring to Dee as Walter's "childhood sweetheart." After such publicity, the church program director will not hire Dee.

Maxie Meyer, who owns a night club, the Front Page, offers her a job, and she accepts, not realizing that his one idea is to cash in on the publicity she has had. When she finds out the truth, she leaves and wanders in the rain until she is sent by a policeman to a hospital, where she nearly dies of pneumonia. Chub Davis, a friend of Walter, and Walter himself, see that she has the best of care, but as soon as she is on the mend, Dee insists on being moved from her private room into a ward and vows she will pay Walter back every cent he has spent on her. Also, she makes up her mind that she ought not to see Walter any more. She loves him, but she believes he will never divorce Eloise.

Chub, who is in love with Dee, takes her home to visit his mother as soon as she can leave the hospital. And, when she seems determined to earn money to repay Walter, he brings her a Want-ad clipping in which an elderly lady advertises for a companion to go South with her. Dee meets the lady, Miss Augusta Cawthorne, and gets the job. The interview over, she rushes down to the lobby of the hotel to meet Walter and to tell him of her success. There she finds Chub waiting for her. "I have some rather grim news," he says.

at tea. She was the image of Queen Victoria after a Hollywood diet.

Miss Cawthorne expressed surprise at seeing Dee still there, blandly accepted the introduction of Chub Davis. But she looked agitated; the jet on her bonnet trembled. She peered at Chub with question in her old eyes.

Chub said swiftly—almost as if he were explaining something that she wanted explained—"We have just learned that a mutual friend of Miss Mason's and mine, Mr. Walter Bassett, has had to fly South because his wife was in an airplane accident."

"Yes?" said Miss Augusta. "Was she—hurt?"

"No. Mr. Bassett's wife wasn't seriously hurt, and he is handling everything. We were to have met him here, but he has flown to Aiken. Also, it appears that Miss Mason's aunt is not comfortable in her mind about this young lady's going South with a stranger. So we are now on our way to reassure her."

Dee was both surprised and frightened at Chub's talkativeness. What would her new employer think? Chub had never before rattled on this way. Why now—before a stranger, and a formidable, important one?

But old Augusta Cawthorne merely pursed her lips, nodded her curled, bonneted head. "I can see where Miss Mason's aunt's attitude is quite understandable." And to Dee's further bewilderment, the old lady suggested, "Would it help, do you suppose, to have her meet *me?*" There was now a twinkle in her tiny faded eyes.

"I'm sure it would settle everything," said Chub in a bowing-from-the-waist tone. "If you'll do me the honor"—he offered her his arm—"we'll make an evening of it."

AND so they set out on one of the strangest evenings—in a chain of strange evenings—for Dee. Had she been able to forget Walter and his fresh troubles, the whole affair would have been completely amusing. Even under the circumstances, Dee couldn't help relishing the meeting of Aunt Flossie and Miss Augusta Cawthorne, and the dinner following.

Chub took them to a big, dim, informal place. It was festooned with palm fronds and tropical flowers, suffused in blue moonlight, and fairly swooning under the hush-hush spell of jungle music. At first sight of it, Dee glanced apprehensively at her aunt, expecting—if not out-and-out sniffs—at least the facial expression that denotes a suppressed sniff.

But Aunt Flossie, brown, dry, ladylike, had the look of a bewildered wren far from her home nest. She was as silent as if even the peep had been knocked out of her. Also, she was so obviously impressed by Miss Augusta Cawthorne's Victoria and Albert Museum gentility, that—even if she had had a peep left—she would have emitted it soundlessly into her lace handkerchief.

Chub suggested liquid refreshment, which Aunt Flossie blushingly spurned. Miss Augusta accepted wine, and took several pills with it. Dee, encouraged both by Miss Augusta's attitude and by Chub's gaiety, ordered an old-fashioned.

The seductive music floated over and about them as pervasively as fog through palm trees. The crowd in the blue twilight alternately danced and dined. Chub danced with Dee, even before they ordered food. He danced well, holding her as something infinitely precious.

And again she felt cherished, tenderly cared for. Also she felt as if she had known Chub forever and ever—the way she knew Mason's Cove and the lighthouse on the point, and the captain of the Coast Guard, who used to give her licorice strips and let her help polish the light when she wasn't much bigger than Walter's twins. . . . Walter—

CHUB shook her gently. "What are you thinking about, sweet? You're ten miles away!"

Dee started, then laughed. "Farther than that," she said. "I was thinking of Eastmouth." She didn't say that she had been thinking of something other than Eastmouth, too. And, to cover her guilty feeling, she rattled on, "You'd love Eastmouth, Chub. I hope you'll come up there some day."

"I intend to," Chub answered. "With you." He looked intently down into her eyes, and his arms tightened slightly about her. But the musicians chose that minute to cease playing; and once again Chub relinquished an opportunity.

When they returned to the table, Miss Augusta was suggesting roast turkey to Aunt Flossie—adding diplomatically, "Naturally, it won't be as delicious as that which I once enjoyed on Cape Cod."

By the time the turkey arrived, Aunt Flossie had not only thawed but had actually relaxed a couple of notches. She mincingly mouthed bits of light meat, damned with faint praise the dressing, and—at Miss Augusta's persuasion—she launched forth into her own recipe for true Cape Cod turkey stuffing, which Miss Augusta flatteringly wrote down.

So the evening went. And before it was over, Aunt Flossie was assuring Miss Augusta that she was delighted that her niece was going to Florida in such good company. The party even ended with Aunt Flossie's accepting a light cordial "to help digest" her dinner. And Aunt Flossie kissed Dee warmly in the fantastically decorated ladies' room, wished her Godspeed on the Miami trip, and promised her that she would give at home a glowing report of Dee's health, employer, and new venture.

When Dee and Chub were finally alone in Chub's car, Dee tried to thank him for the beautiful way in which he had handled the entire evening. Chub merely nodded, mumbling vague protests, until he had cleared the bridge traffic and was heading up a slumbering, secluded, residential

"Pour Yourself a New Taste Thrill!"

SAYS OLD MR. BOSTON

Try my Apricot Nectar —smooth as honey, rich as Fine Old Brandy!

YOU'LL marvel at the delicious honey-smooth taste of this liquor. It has all the luscious flavor of sun-ripened apricots plus the hearty richness of fine old brandy. It's a grand party drink and you'll find a handy drinking cup tops each pint bottle.

OLD MR. BOSTON
APRICOT NECTAR
Also Blackberry • Peach • Wild Cherry—70 Proof

A Beverage Liqueur prepared by
Ben-Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.

thoroughfare of Brooklyn Heights. There, Chub suddenly drew the car into the curbing, stopped.

Dee would never forget that moment—how her heart beat thickly; how she knew surely what was coming; and how, stupidly enough, she couldn't help noticing the splotch of street light illuminating a corner signpost. "Joralemon Street," the sign read.

"Joralemon, Joralemon," Dee repeated to herself, trying different pronunciations, even while Chub's arm was moving tenderly about her, while a hand was capturing her small unprotesting ones.

Then Chub's voice began to speak, with a deep seriousness that she had never heard in it. "You know I love you, Dee dear, don't you?"

Dee had to answer honestly, "Yes."

"You know I want to marry you?" He hurried on softly but firmly, "I do, Dee darling. I want it more than anything on earth! And I think we can be happy together."

Dee was as still as the night in his arms. In stillness—so one barely audible voice within her advised—lay her safety. For the rest of her was feeling the urge to speak, to surrender. It would be so easy! So easy to cry, "Make me love you, Chub!" And to kiss the warm-looking, full, somehow babyish lips in his round lovable face. Dee felt so lonely tonight. Walter was flying, even now, through the night sky, to his Eloise—"so beautiful, so talented." And she, Dee, was—although she didn't know it—so weakened after her pneumonia that there was too little strength, either physical or spiritual, left in her to help her face any issue, right now, alone. Going off to Florida tomorrow, flying for the first time in her life, facing new surroundings, new requirements, seemed suddenly to her—in this low-ebb night moment—too difficult to take on with no one to hold her hand. But some one *was* holding her hand—holding both her hands warmly and gently, the way a safe home harbor cradles ships.

Dee turned her head slightly. But before she let Chub kiss her, she let that one small voice inside her speak. It said, aloud, "Chub, you're so dear! But—I'm not sure about anything. I'm too tired to think."

His arms tightened about her. His lips were gentle on hers. So was his voice when he spoke, "Of course you're tired, sweet. And confused and unsure. But you've made me very happy tonight. Go away to Florida; think it over; then tell me! And, in the meantime, thank you!"

He kissed her again and drove away from Joralemon Street—which Dee would never forget.

EARLY dawn found Dee sleeping serenely under the puff that Chub's mother—who had waited up for them—had tucked about her.

That same dawn found Walter landing at Aiken. A car from the estate met him at the airport. And out at Charnley Hall an old peace welcomed him in the acres bathed in morning light.

The white-pillared mansion looked as if it, too, harbored only peace. But Walter knew better. And his premonitions were right. The great house, even though most of its inmates were slumbering, was filled with a sense of unrest, anxiety, shock. The darkies, who were polishing the floor of the vast entrance hall when Walter arrived, eyed him with lugubrious excitement. And out through the French doors opening on the terrace, Walter could see more darkies shambling about, cleaning up what could be nothing other than the remaining debris of the wreck of the airplane.

A GRIZZLE-HEADED butler told Walter that Mrs. Bassett was sleeping; that she had been at the hospital all night and was plumb wore out. And Dr. Paisley? He was still "onconscious," and the big doctors that flew down from Johns Hopkins last evening reckoned he was purty bad off. And now, would Mr. Bassett be wanting some breakfast?

No, the only thing that Mr. Bassett was wanting was sleep. "Please call me as soon as you hear that Mrs. Bassett is awake."

Walter threw himself wearily down on the bed where once Thomas Jefferson had tossed. But sleep was as far away as Mars!

Walter thought of Paisley—poor devil! He mustn't be crippled! That would be too grim—for the handsome doctor, and for Eloise—who would always hold herself responsible. Eloise! Why did she do things like this? What was lacking in her life that she couldn't derive sufficient fulfillment from normal pursuits and normal behavior? Why was it that these episodes never occurred when he was away on his many long trips, but invariably happened when she had been with him for a while? And why was it that she continued to cling to him, to protest her need for him, her undying love, yet did so little to prove either?

The incessant hum of questions—and the steady drone of a late-lingering horsefly, wheeling and buzzing under the lofty bed canopy—eventually put Walter to sleep. And in sleep he found peace. For he dreamed of a small boat on a free-running sea, a little clean-lined sloop, beating into the wind. He was standing at its bow, braced against the forward stay; and he was laughing back to the slight sure skipper at the wheel — Dee Mason! So pretty, so young, so capable! He blew her a kiss.

Storm clouds gathered practically at that instant. The sea turned the sick leaden hue of Neptune's anger. A terrific squall descended, windbellied, raucous. Walter leaped to take in sail.

Dee grinned at him, her face lashed with spray, her arms straining as she held the ship's nose into the wind.

"Good going, sailor!" he shouted, pride and love surging within him.

Then lightning flashed, and such a crack of thunder sounded that the heavens were shattered from horizon to zenith. . . . Another thunderbolt—and Walter woke up.

"Come in," he called.

The knocking ceased. Old Grizzle-Pate stuck his head in the door. "Mis' Bassett up now, suh, an' hollerin' fo' you."

Walter, still shaken by his dream, still filled with the free windswept exultation of it, hastily shrugged on his coat, ran a comb through his rumpled hair, and followed Grizzle-Pate down the thickly carpeted hall to Eloise's room. A grandfather clock in the corner told him it was almost ten. He had slept long—and dreamed of Dee! Her laughing face was before his eyes even now. Dee. Walter felt as though the wind that had blown in his dream was beginning to blow away the cobwebs from the windows of his heart. Dee!

Sighing, he tapped on Eloise's door. Resolutely blotting out the thought of Dee, he summoned Eloise's image into his mind. He could picture her, drooping like a weary lily against piles of pillows, her fair hair framing a pale penitent face. Such was her usual pose after an escapade.

Walter was surprised, therefore, to see Eloise up, dressed in businesslike tweeds, and—though obviously very badly shaken both mentally and physically by the crash—still, neither self-pitying nor apologetic. What had happened had evidently been big enough to jolt her out of herself for once in her life.

SHE turned a shining face to Walter. "He's going to get better!" she cried. "I just heard from the hospital. It will take time and expensive care, but he's going to get better! Isn't that wonderful!"

"It is." Walter looked at her in amazement. This was a new Eloise.

"It will take a lot of money, Walter—far, far more than Phil can afford."

"As much as you want," Walter said—the words sounding familiar in his ears because he had said them so often to her.

"You're a darling!" She kissed him impetuously. "And I'm so happy—happy! I couldn't have lived if it had been— But I won't think of that any more! Phil is going to get better!" She was radiant as she flitted about the room, collecting hat, gloves, purse, to go to the hospital.

And suddenly a great light flooded Walter's brain.

"El," he said, holding her topcoat for her, "tell me the truth, will you? It's vital to the happiness of both of us for me to know! Do you love Philip Paisley?"

Does Eloise love Paisley? If so, will she confess it and let Walter go? Or will her lust for money continue to rule her life? On her answer depends Dee's and Walter's happiness—and all Chub's hopes. Read next week's chapter, in which a searching novel rides to a swift climax.

An Eye-Witness Story of the Military Tragedy of the Ages

BY ROBERT LOW

American war correspondent and former ambulance driver in France

I SAW THE FRENCH ARMY COLLAPSE

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

GRAPES of wrath ripened with terrifying vengeance upon the rich vineyards of France. Literally overnight, millions of French men, women, and children have turned into a tragic and overwhelming counterpart of the "Okies," lining broad highways solid with misery. And today the backbone of France — the French bourgeois family — prefers to live under conditions of untold squalor along some roadside in "unoccupied" France rather than return home on the "Highway 66" which led them away from the ever-advancing German armies.

I witnessed the final tragic days of the great nation that once was France. It was a combination of hell and fool's paradise. Now, for the first time, free of the censorship which strangled her, it can be told how France was defeated not by her enemies but by her own politicians and generals.

I arrived from England on the last plane ever to reach there. It was like flying to the deathbed of an old friend.

Our camouflaged British air liner landed at the large military airport near Tours after a quick trip from a completely normal and placid London. The field was covered with French bombers and fighters. On the tarmac I met pilots and officials I had known in Paris. They told me how desperate the situation had become. Millions of refugees were fleeing south in automobiles, trucks, carts, and even bicycles, spreading panic and making it impossible for the army to rush reserves and supplies to the front. Sounding of air-raid sirens interrupted our conversation. One of the biggest raids of the war began. Squadron after squadron of Heinkels and Stukas roared low over the city. They systematically bombed the airport and the railway center.

I thought I had seen bombing in Finland. But it was just child's play compared with what happened in Tours.

Diving so steeply that often it seemed certain they had been shot down by aircraft batteries, the Germans swooped to within one hundred feet of the ground, dropped ton after

of high explosive on planes, gasoline dumps, and hangars, then pulled and climbed into formation for her round.

rom a trench in one corner of the I watched the ghastly fireworks more than two hours. Many pilots ved the withering attack to run oss to their planes. They were nbed as they attempted to take off. few managed to get into the air, before they could gain altitude y were shot down by bombers ch sat on top of them.

here was not much left of that ort when the raid was over. More an two hundred people were killed, cluding many civilians. I helped to rry the limp bodies of several of friends from the wreckage of their nes. It was too late for first aid. e double tragedy was that the relt could have been so different had e system of air-raid warnings been ore efficient and had fighter planes ad time to get off the ground.

Tours, first seat of the government fter leaving Paris, had become the cal point of refugees and military serves. This clash of currents used an unimaginable human maelrom. Men, women, children, maines, and armaments threw up a sty haze of emotion which the mind uld not grasp. Courage, fear, triotism, defeatism—above all, beilderment.

VERYWHERE were cars piled high with luggage—from 1918 Cadillacs, a faint reminder of the . E. F. which helped save France in er darkest hour of that time, down 1940 Rolls-Royces. But war had come the great leveler. Money no nger mattered—only official coupons hich would procure more gasoline. As the distance from Paris increased, ens of thousands were gradually immobilized. The time had come for the weak to help the strong, and little Renaults towed Packards and Lincolns whose tanks had run dry.

That night I borrowed a car and set off north against an overwhelming stream of traffic to find the headquarters of the American field service. The road was jammed with cars moving slowly in darkness. Some showed a faint blue light on the off side, others just crawled along blindly. The night was filled with sound: clashing gears, scraping fenders, shouts, curses of drivers. One car in ten lay wrecked. Occasionally the sky swelled with the deafening roar of planes coming overhead. At this rate it would take me many hours. I turned off the main highway from Tours to Paris and chanced a likely side road.

I don't know how far I drove—perhaps twenty miles, perhaps thirty—when suddenly I crashed into some sort of makeshift barricade.

I jammed on the brakes as the car bucked through a barbed-wire entanglement. The motor stalled, and for an instant there was complete silence. Then I heard the most unpleasant sound on earth—the click of a cartridge jumping from the magazine into the breach of a rifle. It sounds very loud and sinister when the muzzle of the rifle is but two inches from your ear.

The door was yanked open. I was told to keep my hands up and get out of the car. With the rifle in my solar plexus and a flashlight in my face, I was searched by my captors, who were French local defense guards. They accused me of being a German parachutist. I replied I was an American newspaperman looking for the headquarters of the American field service. That just didn't matter. I spoke French with an accent. That didn't help, either. My explanation that I had arrived that day by airplane from England was almost my death warrant. For they misunderstood and leaped on it as an admission that I had just descended by parachute from a German plane.

These farmers turned "parashots" were all for shooting then and investigating some other time. For twenty minutes I explained, pleaded, cursed, and protested until finally they agreed to take me to the prefect of police, though with grim assurances that I wouldn't escape that way. Two miles across fields I marched, with rifles prodding me in back.

The captain of the guards had to be roused from his sleep. This almost finished me, because he was so badtempered at being disturbed that he told them he didn't give a damn whether they shot me or not. The fact that my papers were entirely in order only increased his suspicion. After a diabolical cross-examination which proved nothing, he was convinced more than ever that I was a spy. The odds were against me when a young French army officer who spoke English arrived. He persuaded them to release me. They did so with the greatest reluctance.

I DROVE back to Tours with the officer, and he told me the American field service had suffered heavy casualties at the front and its few remaining units had been forced to retire. "The only thing you would have found up that road if you had gone on far enough would have been enemy advance patrols," he added.

I returned to find the government had secretly evacuated Tours for Bordeaux, and in a few hours came the news that Paris had not been defended and that German troops were marching into the capital.

The frantic civilian exodus by car was resumed. And from then on the handwriting was on the wall.

The occupation of Paris without a battle left no symbol around which the stunned populace could rally. Had there been a heroic siege such as that of Madrid or Warsaw the whole course of history might have been changed. But as one sad poilu said to me, "Paris is more than just the biggest city in our country, It is the heart of France—and without heart, how can you fight?"

Meanwhile the final drama of the French army was being enacted. The greater part of this force had fought with superhuman courage and endurance, but the leadership of a hidebound reactionary general staff had been so calamitous that even a great soldier like General Weygand found the task of reorganization impossible.

The weapon Hitler was wielding with such deadly effect—tank and dive bomber—was not new. They had seen it conquer Poland in one month. The Poles had warned them. But too many of the Supreme War Council were old men who still thought and planned in terms of 1914 if not before. Furthermore, nine months of inactivity had sown the seeds of unrest in certain sectors, so that when the sharp blade of the German attack probed the French line for an opening it found patches like rotted wood.

In Tours I ran into a French staff officer I had met on a trip to the Maginot Line in the quieter days of the war. It seemed incredible that then we had believed those fortifications would render France invincible. As we waited in a traffic jam, he told me the real story of the Ninth Army, which held the section adjoining the end of the Maginot Line, and which broke with such disastrous results:

"For months we had been out of touch with headquarters. We hadn't enough staff cars and the few telephone lines we had were cut by Fifth Columnists. Insufficient equipment—insufficient reserves — discipline lax because of prolonged inactivity. When the attack came on the all-important hinge of our lines, the part which should have been strongest of the whole French defense was weakest. Two divisions from Paris full of malcontents and Communists just laid down their arms, opening a huge gap—and after that, the deluge. Our casualties those first days were 100,000 prisoners," he added bitterly.

The following morning waves of German bombers were again over the city as the German columns rumbled closer. So, with another American newspaperman, I started the trip down to Bordeaux.

ON the road was the whole story of the great debacle. There were sights which I shall never forget. There were troops who had laid down their arms because they believed rumors spread by Fifth Columnists that an armistice had been signed days before such a move was even discussed by the government; while in the opposite direction, from rest camps, other troops, with newly won Croix de Guerre pinned to their tunics and spirits high, headed for the front in little tanks gaily decorated with flowers on the turrets and affectionate nicknames scrawled in chalk on the armor-plated sides.

Only the peasants remained at their homes—the rest of France was on the move. Every car was overloaded with personal belongings, even down to bird cages. One car we passed miles inland was towing a motorboat on a trailer. All authority and organization seemed to have vanished. No

one would take the responsibility of forcibly clearing the roads and stopping the panic, or else no one cared. Finally the drivers of military supply trucks and other vehicles gave up the struggle.

But when we were caught in the middle of one convoy during an air raid, I watched these same drivers jump from their trucks armed only with rifles, and stand their ground firing at the German planes which swept a long crowded highway with machine-gun bullets.

Ironically, only when these planes attacked the civil population, forcing them off the roads, could the French military forge ahead for a few miles before they were blocked once more.

After thirty hours of continuous driving we completed the 250-mile trip to Bordeaux — an average of eight miles an hour.

If Tours had been a nightmare, Bordeaux was even worse. A city of a quarter of a million people, it suddenly had an extra four million overrunning its streets. For some reason, those in flight believed that safety lay with the government—but that idea was dispelled two nights later when a hundred German bombers raided the city for three hours.

THE bewilderment of the people mounted hourly as the words "capitulation," "surrender," "armistice" began to pass from mouth to mouth. Had they not been told for years by their leaders that France was invincible? Even just a few weeks before, heard the solemn pledge that not one inch of French soil would ever be trampled by the jack boot of the invader again?

Small wonder they could not understand, for the deception of the politicians continued even at that late hour. For three days after the Germans had occupied Paris, no French newspaper carried the story on its pages. When the Reynaud Cabinet resigned and Pétain formed a new government, they believed that the war would now be waged with even greater vigor. But the truth was that the military clique had insisted on the armistice and forced Reynaud to resign because they would not agree to fight on even from the colonies if necessary. And finally they were promised an honorable peace, and what they received was the most shameful in history.

Probably never before has a country with three quarters of its army still intact and the majority of its civilian population untouched by war surrendered so completely. On my last day in Bordeaux I went to market for food, because restaurants were packed from morning to night. There was butter for sale in ten-pound tubs, cheeses stacked five feet high, enormous quantities of meat, vegetables, bread, and every delicacy so dear to the heart of the French, right down to sea gulls' eggs.

War had never really come to the greater part of France. She was defeated not by her enemies but by her own politicians and generals. And, like an aged prima donna on her deathbed, she gasped of future triumphs to the end.

The curtain of liberty was rung down that night. Next day we started back for England. The tender taking us out to a British merchantman offshore was just pulling away from the jetty when the first of a German farewell committee came over. Dawn was just breaking. As a dark mass of Dorniers spread out over the estuary, we could see them strewing mines in the path of refugee-laden ships getting under way. Despite the noise of antiaircraft guns, we could hear the *plop, plop* of mines landing in the water. For an encore, the Dorniers swooped down and raked jetty and tender with machine-gun fire.

Then a terrific explosion almost bowled us over. One of the mines had done its work. We stood in stunned silence and saw a ship half a mile away go down in five minutes. There weren't many survivors.

What a prize our ship would have been for U-boat or bomber! On board were 1,400 weary souls—women, children, wounded soldiers, cardinals, diplomats, nuns, ex-millionaires —all sleeping on deck, all limited to one scant meal daily. The ship actually had accommodation for less than 200 passengers and lifeboat space for 380. The holds were packed solid with copper and manganese ore. One direct hit by torpedo or bomb, and we would have sunk like a rock.

Two more raids before we sailed, one when a reconnaissance plane came over and left a long smoke trail in the sky to guide bombers. They turned up half an hour later. But this time we had a sting in our tail. The antiaircraft gun on the afterdeck, manned by the ordinary ship's crew, hit one Heinkel. It shot across the sky in a long flaming arc and crashed into the sea.

One of the stewards turned gunner passed me with a broad grin. "Blimey! We can hit more than just air with those popguns, after all! How about a nice cup of tea to celebrate?"

For three days we zigzagged north through the Bay of Biscay. One night while I was standing on submarine lookout duty U-boats were located in our vicinity by the delicate sounding apparatus of the destroyer escorting us part of the way. Five times in a few hours we changed course. Scanning the sea intently for hours on end, I reached a point where every whitecap seemed to be the wash of a periscope breaking surface. Suddenly I spotted one, and shouted a warning to the bridge. But back came the cool reply of the watch officer: "It's all right, old man. That's just Bishop's Rock. Looks like we've made it.'

As we stepped ashore on English soil, we were met by a group of children who shouted, "Any souvenirs of France, mister?"

I couldn't answer.

THE END

Watch JOE CRANE, stunt jumper, getting relief from a HEADACHE!
I ALWAYS GET MORE ALL-ROUND RELIEF WITH BROMO-SELTZER. IT EASES PAIN, STEADIES NERVES, SETTLES MY STOMACH, TOO
BROMO-SELTZER

Bromo-Seltzer does more than simple pain relievers for ordinary headaches. It does all this for you:

1. RELIEVES PAIN—works quickly and pleasantly
2. STEADIES NERVES—eases the nervous strain
3. SETTLES STOMACH—relieves the "sick" feeling

For frequent or persistent headaches, see your doctor. For simple headaches, take Bromo-Seltzer, relied on by millions for over 50 years. Follow directions on label. At drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it at home.

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Broadway Quiz

BY WALTER WINCHELL

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct ..... Excellent
30 Correct ..... Good
25 Correct ..... Fair
20 Correct ..... Passing
Under 20 ..... Failing

1—Where does Broadway begin, and where end?

2—Mention four of the street's best known nicknames.

3—What is (*a*) "the street of hits"; (*b*) "swing street"?

4—After whom is Lindy's Restaurant named?

5—If it were true that "there's a broken heart for every light on Broadway," what would the total number be?

6—What Broadway celebrities are called: (*a*) "the Mighty Midget"; (*b*) "the King of Jazz"; (*c*) "Desiny's Tot"?

7—Who originated the term "café society," and what did he mean by it?

8—What was the most successful stage play in the last twenty years dealing with the life of Broadway?

9—Whose funeral occasioned the biggest turnout in Broadway's history?

10—What form of night-club entertainment did each of the following do much to popularize: (*a*) Rudy Vallee; (*b*) Irene Castle; (*c*) Louis Prima; (*d*) Joan Lyons?

11—What Broadway nobody, who hobbed around as a movie extra, became a power in a foreign government?

12—What is "the Bible of Broadway"?

13—What was that periodical's celebrated headline on the Stock Market crash of October, 1929?

14—What radio broadcast threw showmen into a state of alarm on New Year's Day, 1925?

15—What entertainers became: (*a*) a transatlantic flyer; (*b*) a member of the New York Stock Exchange; (*c*) a St. Louis policeman?

16—Who was the first society woman to make a success as a night-club songstress?

17—What comic artists make use of these exclamations: (*a*) "Hotcha!" (*b*) "Gung-gung-gung!" (*c*) "Pul-leeze!"?

18—Who made a trade-mark of the greeting, "Hello, sucker"?

19—Who was "the Angel of Broadway"?

20—Of what vaudeville theater was it once said, "You haven't arrived until you play the ——"?

21—What two women entertainers are sure-fire sell-outs on all public appearances?

22—Whose statue has given a new name to Longacre Square?

23—What song, mentioning Broadway, became a byword among those seeing friends off to New York?

24—What is (*a*) the largest electrical sign on Broadway; (*b*) the most amusing; (*c*) the most informative?

25—What band leader in his vaudeville days billed himself "Not a motion picture"?

26—Name two comediennes who were Broadway stars a year after arriving here, unknown, in a London musical show?

27—What feature did Broadway have in 1931 which it hopes never to see again?

28—Who was advertised as (*a*) "the world's greatest entertainer"; (*b*) "the world's greatest moaner"; (*c*) "the last of the red-hot mamas"; (*d*) "a bad boy from a good family"?

29—How far is Madison Square Garden from Madison Square?

30—What famous playwright was born at Broadway and Forty-third Street?

31—What do Broadwayites mean by: (*a*) "camping out"; (*b*) "scratch"; (*c*) "a flash"; (*d*) "he can't get well"?

32—What man, later famous as a cartoonist, conducted the orchestra at the Club Rendezvous when Gilda Gray danced there?

33—What is the approximate income of a successful night club?

34—What famous play owed part of its success to the murder of Herman Rosenthal, Broadway gambler, in 1912?

35—What night saw the wildest spending on Broadway in the last ten years?

36—In what business are these terms employed, and what does each mean: (*a*) "ice"; (*b*) "digger"; (*c*) "the bundle"?

37—Name three girls advertised as the "most beautiful in the world."

38—What was the first hit play to have audience participation, which now features Hellzapoppin?

39—What happens to a member of society who (*a*) takes a job in the theater; (*b*) goes to prison?

40—What was the largest price ever charged for a ticket to a theatrical premiere?

(*Answers will be found on page 43*)

Why I cannot hate Hitler

"Now it seems that fresh generations must again be cut down": Brauchitsch, German commander-in-chief, salutes at the graves of his army's young dead.

BY MAHATMA GANDHI

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

DURING the greater part of a life already longer than most, I have tried to hold firm to one basic belief that has been at the same time a guide and a support. It has been my conviction, growing steadily stronger as the years progressed, that the multitude of ills attacking and separating mankind can none of them be eradicated forever until man vows never to lift his hand against his brother man, never to take up the sword and wet it in the blood of another human being.

My faith is in non-violence; rather, my faith *is* non-violence. I have been attacked by many for it, and from more than one quarter has come criticism that has hurt me deeply. There have been desperate moments when passions were running high and when a thousand difficulties pressed upon our movement, but the result was a strengthening rather than a weakening of our determination. For somewhere some one must make a start with more than talk.

That has been my attempt. I have had some success, and I am proud to think that I have seen men unite for a prized objective and strike not one violent blow toward its attainment. Perhaps it was not much, but it was a beginning; and I hope and believe that its significance as a demonstration of the practicability of the golden rule has not been lost on the Western World.

But for the one who believes and trusts in non-violence, in peace on earth and good will toward all men, these last few years have been sad. The present year must be the saddest, surely, in living memory. It must be sadder even than those black years

A great peace-lover explains—and reveals an unheeded appeal to a mighty apostle of war

of 1914-18, for now it seems that their great toll of millions of young lives sacrificed was in vain, and that the fresh generations must again be cut down in the very flower of their youth.

For the pace of war is quickening and the field of action spreading, and at any moment now it seems that the threat of "total war" must become a hideous reality, darkening the skies of England, France, and Germany with the roaring tides of warplanes and shattering the proud cities in smoke and fire. How can any living man think of such a scene and not feel his heart weep within him?

With such a storm threatening each morning, when every man knows that the flowers growing outside his window today in the sunlight may tomorrow be ripped up and flung high in spouts of smoking earth, surely he must ask himself, "Who has done this? Who is responsible for the terror that has come over our lives?"

For Englishmen and Frenchmen, indeed for most Europeans, and perhaps for many Germans and most Americans, the answer today takes the person of one man. On July 23 last year I addressed a personal letter to him. The idea was not mine; several people had urged it upon me, in the belief that an appeal to Adolf Hitler from one who had based his public life on the principle of non-violence might conceivably have some effect and certainly could do no harm. I could not share their optimism, but neither, in such a time, could I ignore their entreaty. And so I wrote these words:

"Friends have been urging me to write to you. I have resisted their request because of the feeling that any letter from me would be an impertinence. Something tells me, however, that I must not calculate, and that I must make an appeal for whatever it may be worth.

"It is quite clear that you are today the one person in the world who can prevent a war which may reduce humanity to the savage state. Must you pay that price for any object, however worthy it may appear to you to be? Will you listen to the appeal of one who has deliberately shunned the method of war not without considerable success?

"Anyway, I anticipate your forgiveness, if I have erred in writing to you."

I do not know if Herr Hitler considered that I was impertinent in writing to him. My letter brought no answer; it is unnecessary to add that it had no visible effect.

It shows my belief that it lay in the decision of one man alone to permit Europe to remain at peace, however uneasily. I know that many other forces contributed to the tense atmosphere between the Great Powers just before war broke out—the tradition of violence and the many old rivalries. But it still seems to me to be true that at the final point this one man had the power, if he willed to use it, to hold humanity back from the brink.

He did not will to use it.

I have been asked where my sympathies lie. From the purely humanitarian viewpoint, certainly they are all with England and France. I do not wish the French and the British to be defeated. But neither do I wish for the defeat of the German people. There will be little worth and happiness in the future for those of us in the rest of the world if whole peoples, no matter what their nationality, lie crushed, humbled, and embittered; for if there is bitterness in the hearts of one people, does it not carry within it the black seed of future wars?

If this war is fought to a finish, however, civilization may perish in the holocaust. God grant, then, that it shall be halted in time. But can it be halted while hatred remains in the breasts of men? And if I bear hatred for one man, will not this hatred spread out its roots and grow insidiously into a hatred for all the people of his country?

Yes, there is every reason for condemning the dictator of the Third Reich. But if I wish the armies to lay down their weapons and stay the slaughter, which is the meaning and message of non-violence, I must be true to my faith: there must be no hatred in my heart for any living man. I deplore his acts, but I cannot hate Adolf Hitler.

THE END

CROSSWORDS

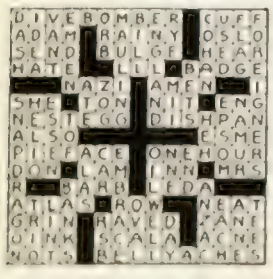
By LEE PASQUIN

HORIZONTAL

1 Evening (pl.)
5 Studied
10 Levelheaded
14 Telegram
15 Silly
16 Among
17 Raise
19 Gastropod
21 Restorative
22 Astonish
23 Sped
24 Anger
25 Split
26 Prefix: two
27 Poker term
29 Heroic narrative
30 Body of men summoned by a sheriff
33 Born (Fr.)
34 Stir up
35 Lathe of a loom
36 Draft animal
37 Pace
38 Ancient weapon
39 River in Italy
40 Variety of dynamite
42 Worry
43 Step (Fr.)
44 Chemical compound
45 Prevaricator
46 Stubborn person
47 Pronoun
48 Placid
49 Possessive pronoun
50 Companion (slang)
52 Lady of high social rank
53 Insect
56 Flower
58 Meadow
59 Location
60 Penetrate
62 Dash
63 Killed
64 Rock
65 Dinge

VERTICAL

1 Pitcher
2 Ignoble
3 Religious hermit
4 Strict
5 Compassion
6 Number
7 Egyptian god
8 Descended from the same mother
9 First appearance
10 Salt (chem.)
11 Gallant
12 One of Columbus' ships
13 British statesman
18 Suffix: something done
20 Article
22 Glided
25 Place
26 Small vessel
27 Terminal (elec.)
28 Bond
29 Ireland (poet.)
30 Beat down heavily
31 Part of a flower
32 Irregular
34 Two
35 Beverage
37 Joy
38 Stuff
41 One of great physical power and endurance
42 Tool
43 Pimple
45 Grieve for
46 Coined
48 Walking stick (pl.)
49 Possesses
50 Move along
51 A source of indigo
52 Perform
53 Female horse
54 Persia
55 Dispatched
57 Cry, as of a cat
58 Enclosure
61 Preposition



Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

40 ANSWERS

By Walter Winchell
to his questions on page 40

1—Broadway begins at Bowling Green, downtown Manhattan, and ends in Albany.

2—The Grandest Canyon, the Hardest Artery, Mazda Lane, the Main Stem.

3—(*a*) West Forty-fifth Street; (*b*) Fifty-second Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues.

4—Leo Lindemann, the owner.

5—There are approximately 265,000 bulbs in the signs between Forty-second Street and Fiftieth Street on Broadway.

6—(*a*) Billy Rose; (*b*) Paul Whiteman; (*c*) Jed Harris.

7—Society editor Cholly Knickerbocker (Maury Paul) used it first as a rebuke to Social Registerites who frequent night clubs too much.

8—Broadway, by Philip Dunning and George Abbott; produced September 16, 1926.

9—Rudolph Valentino's.

10—(*a*) Crooning; (*b*) ballroom dancing; (*c*) the "jam session"; (*d*) the first girl to perform the Charleston publicly.

11—Leon Trotsky.

12—Variety, weekly newspaper of the theater trades.

13—"Wall Street Lays an Egg."

14—Lucrezia Bori and John McCormack, opera singers, were heard on the air, leading producers to predict that radio's free shows would ruin the theater.

15—(*a*) Harry Richman; (*b*) Georgie Price; (*c*) Harry Fender.

16—Eve Symington.

17—(*a*) Jimmy Durante; (*b*) Bert Lahr; (*c*) Beatrice Lillie.

18—Texas Guinan.

19—Reba Crawford, Salvation Army girl and later a West Coast evangelist.

20—The Palace, leading house of Keith vaudeville.

21—Kirsten Flagstad of the Metropolitan Opera, and Marian Anderson, Negro concert singer.

22—The statue of Father Francis P. Duffy, chaplain of New York's "Fighting 69th," at Forty-seventh Street and Broadway. The area is now called Duffy Square.

23—George M. Cohan's Give My Regards to Broadway.

24—(*a*) The Wrigley sign; (*b*) the animated figures in the "Wilson's —that's all" display; (*c*) the ribbon of news bulletins which encircles the Times Building.

25—Ben Bernie, whose slogan still goes, even in his movies.

26—Gertrude Lawrence and Beatrice Lillie, who appeared together in Charlot's Revue in 1924.

27—A bread line, at Forty-seventh Street and Broadway.

28—(*a*) Al Jolson; (*b*) Clara Smith, Negro blues singer; (*c*) Sophie Tucker; (*d*) Phil Baker.

29—Approximately thirty blocks.

30—Eugene Gladstone O'Neill, in the Hotel Cadillac.

31—(*a*) Being anywhere away from New York City; (*b*) silver money, though the term is often misused for currency, too; (*c*) any effect designed to create an impression; (*d*) a man who is going to be beaten up.

32—Peter Arno.

33—The annual receipts of the Stork Club are, roundly, $1,000,000.

34—Within the Law, produced a few weeks after the crime.

35—December 31, 1933, the first New Year's Eve of prohibition repeal.

36—In ticket speculation; (*a*) the profit, above the ticket's list price, divided by the speculators; (*b*) a man who obtains tickets from box offices which try to keep them from him; (*c*) the allotment of tickets to an agency which enjoys the right to apportion them to other agencies.

37—Gladys Glad, Ziegfeld Follies; Dorothy Knapp, Vanities; and Kathryn Ray, A Night in Spain.

38—The Spider, by Fulton Oursler and Lowell Brentano, produced in March, 1927.

39—(*a*) Dropped from the Social Register; (*b*) ditto.

40—One hundred dollars, for Earl Carroll's Vanities, which opened August 24, 1926.

One thing I'm not soft-hearted about is fleas — and that goes for the Mistress too! One scratch and she's all attention. Two scratches and I get a bath with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap. Down the drain they go — SKIP-FLEA really kills 'em!

A third scratch is rare, because we follow up the bath with borated SKIP FLEA Powder — it soothes the old bites and kills the new fleas! Get wise — get both SKIP-FLEA Soap and Powder! At all drug and pet stores. And ask for the free new Sergeant's DOG BOOK — or mail this coupon.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

FREE

Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dept. 4-H, Richmond, Va.
Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. About 20,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 831-H, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

FALSE TEETH
KLUTCH holds them tighter
KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists... If your druggist hasn't it, *don't waste money on substitutes*, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.
KLUTCH CO., Box 2738-H, ELMIRA, N. Y.

For RELIEF of
Sunburn
Cooling, soothing MENTHOLATUM relieves sunburn quickly.
MENTHOLATUM

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

The Midnight Ride of Mr. Pope

Laughs! The funniest adventure yet for Ed—our talking horse

ONE good thing about having a horse that can talk is that there's always somebody to discuss your personal worries with. This Wilbur Pope I was telling you about used to talk over nearly everything with his horse Ed—even things he couldn't talk over with Mrs. Pope. He felt that a horse could be more objective about some things than a wife could. Of course Ed wasn't any too sympathetic sometimes. He was pretty hard-boiled. He never let the conventions inhibit his actions and he wasn't much of a hand for the nuances either. Hell Wilbur he'd say I admire your good manners all right but they're a terrible handicap. When a guy insults you you give him the soft answer. Me I kick him in the stomach. Thank heaven I wasn't brought up right.

So when Mr. Pope told Ed that Mrs. Pope's Aunt Edith was coming for another week's visit Ed just said Well tell her she can't come. But I can't do that Ed said Mr. Pope because you see—well I just can't. What's she got on you? said Ed. You don't understand said Mr. Pope. It isn't that she's got anything on me. But after all she's Carlotta's aunt. And Carlotta's fond of her. Besides she's trustee for the money Carlotta inherited from her other aunt. I thought it would boil down to money sooner or later said Ed. Well said Mr. Pope Carlotta gets a couple hundred a month from it and if Aunt Edith got sore she could cut it off. She has complete control. And it would mean Carlotta's doing without a lot of clothes and other extras. It does seem little enough to do—for me to be pleasant to Aunt Edith.

Sounds all right when you put it that way said Ed. Only I guess you forgot Wilbur that you told me about how this aunt woman threatened to cut the money all off last year unless your wife divorced you. No I didn't forget that said Mr. Pope. She's sort of down on men. When she was young she had a lot of money and the fortune hunters were after her and the worst one in the lot pretty near got her. She found out in time that he was suspected of having murdered his first wife. Too bad said Ed but there's always some busybody around. So you see went on Mr. Pope she'd try to break up any marriage that Carlotta made. And when she heard I'd said I had a horse that could talk—You did kind of stick your neck out on that put in Ed. I wouldn't have said Mr. Pope if you'd backed me up. But that's neither here nor there now. The trouble is I suppose she'll start the old divorce campaign again and if I could only think of some excuse to be away while she's here it would be a lot easier all around.

H'm said Ed. Don't you have to go out and see that National Utility account of yours in Peoria? But Mr. Pope said no—he couldn't stay there a week and anyway Mrs. Pope might find out. H'm said Ed again and then he looked at Mr. Pope and said You know Wilb I can't ever seem to think very good when I'm thirsty. O K said Mr. Pope and he went in the house and came back with half a bottle of Scotch. Ought to be enough here to give us an idea he said.

After the second drink Ed said You know Wilb I've made a discovery. I've discovered what makes the Scotchman talk that kind of dialect. It's from having a bottle in your mouth. Here take a swig and try saying Ha'e ye no' anither bottle? So Mr. Pope tried it. Why you're right he said and then he started on Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon but only got to the second verse when Ed said Hey! My turn! So Mr. Pope handed over the bottle and Ed tried It's a braw bricht moonlicht nicht.

When the bottle was empty Mr. Pope said hopefully Well Ed have you thought of anything? Sure I have said Ed. Why don't you get your friend Dr. Kendall to send you to the hospital? By George said Mr. Pope I believe you've got it! You needn't act so shook up about it said Ed. Why don't we ride over and see him right away and we can stop at Barney's for some beer. I'm still thirsty.

So they rode over. When's your aunt coming? Dr. Kendall asked and when Mr. Pope told him next Friday he said Well we can throw you in for observation. We can't let you have anything serious because you don't want to worry Carlotta. I guess bursitis is the thing for you. We'll make it your shoulder. You'd better begin complaining about its being lame and Thursday it gets so sore you can't move it and you come over and I'll send you to this new hospital we've got out here. It's only a few minutes' drive from Mount Kisco so it'll be handy for Carlotta. Will she bring the aunt to see you? Not if I groan a lot said Mr. Pope. She hasn't much patience with sick people. Groaning's O. K. said Dr. Kendall. You'd be in some pain. And you ought to have a temperature. But we'll arrange that. Otherwise you'll have nothing to do but sit around your room and keep your shoulder quiet. Only one thing —when you go into the hospital try not to smell so strong of beer.

Well everything went fine and Thursday night Mrs. Pope drove Mr. Pope and a couple of dozen detective stories over to the hospital. She was so sympathetic that he felt pretty ashamed and would have backed out but of course it was too late. I'm sorry not to be on hand to welcome Aunt Edith he said. But you just go ahead with your plans with her and don't bother about me. I'll have to said Mrs. Pope but I'll get over every day.

Well the first two days were wonderful. His room was on the ground floor and there was nothing to do but sit in the window and read and wait for the next meal to be brought in. He had put his arm in a sling so he wouldn't forget and use it when anybody was in the room. He always had

BY WALTER BROOKS

a hot water bottle handy and when it was about time for the nurse to come in and take his temperature he would put it on his shoulder and lean his cheek against it and this ran the thermometer up so he appeared suitably feverish. Dr. Kendall ran in and brought gossip and stories and nurses flitted in and out with different gossip but the same stories and it was all very much like the office only without the responsibility. Mr. Pope felt very happy and carefree.

But that did not last long. On the third day just after breakfast he went to get something out of his bag on the wardrobe shelf and he was standing there with both arms over his head when a nurse came in. My goodness Mr. Pope said the nurse can you get your arm up like that? Mr. Pope was pretty confused and he stammered and said well he guessed it was a lot better. The nurse said it certainly must be and then she told him that Dr. Kendall was ill and wouldn't be in to see him that morning but that Dr. Coleman who was taking his work would be in. And by and by Dr. Coleman came. He was a dark suspicious-looking young man and there was a false heartiness about him that worried Mr. Pope. I can't trust this guy he said to himself.

Dr. Coleman had Mr. Pope's chart in his hand and he looked from it to Mr. Pope and back again as if he was comparing a police handbill with a criminal in the line-up. Arm's a lot better this morning the nurse tells me he said. Seems to be said Mr. Pope. What's wrong with Bill? Acute appendicitis said Dr. Coleman. He was at a party in town last night and was taken sick and shot right into St. Luke's and operated on. They got it in time fortunately. And without pausing for comment he whipped out a thermometer and jabbed it into Mr. Pope's mouth. Mr. Pope was resentful. Darned unfair! he thought. Unfair to organized deception.

Now let's have a look at that shoulder said Dr. Coleman and he snatched the thermometer and after glancing

As Ed with his rider clattered up the steps they yelled and dived.

at it began manipulating Mr. Pope's arm. Mr. Pope tried wincing a few times but noticed that Dr. Coleman's eyebrows went up each time and gave it up. After all he had had no instructions on that point from Dr. Kendall.

Well doctor he said how soon can you get me out of here? O a few days I think said Dr. Coleman. You're perfectly contented? Getting a good rest eh? Mr. Pope said he was. So Dr. Coleman said he'd stop in tomorrow and nodded to the nurse and they went out. But the door didn't latch and as it swung ajar again Mr. Pope heard him say to the nurse Does Dr. Kendall ever send any psychiatric patients to this hospital? The nurse said something and Dr. Coleman said H'm. Then he said Isn't this the Mr. Pope who— But the door swung shut and Mr. Pope didn't hear any more.

Well Mr. Pope was kind of worried. Maybe I ought to have told the guy he said to himself. But he's so stuffy he'd think Bill had been unethical or something in sending me here. I can't let Bill down.

Pretty soon Mrs. Pope and Aunt Edith came. Aunt Edith was large and smooth and encrusted with diamonds. She said she was sorry he was ill. Mr. Pope shifted his position and groaned. Painful? said Aunt Edith hopefully. Mr. Pope smiled bravely. It's much better he said. Isn't it too bad about Bill? said Mrs. Pope. Yes said Mr. Pope but Coleman says he's going to be all right. Aunt Edith knows Dr. Coleman. Isn't that nice? said Mrs. Pope. He's the son of a very old friend said Aunt Edith. A brilliant young man and very well connected. And she told them about Dr. Coleman's connections.

Mr. Pope groaned some more and Aunt Edith got restless and said finally Well Carlotta we mustn't tire Wilbur. So they left.

LATE that evening Mr. Pope was reading when somebody outside the window said Psst! Good Lord said Mr. Pope is that you Ed? and he jumped up and went to the window. Hi Wilb said Ed. Thought I'd slip my halter and trot over and see if I could find you. I stuck my nose in every window on this floor. Boy! There's a guy two doors down in blue pajamas—he'll never be the same. And Ed began to laugh. Sssh! said Mr. Pope. O K said Ed. Look Wilb—I thought maybe you'd like to sneak out for a ride. A midnight ride to get some beer like Longfellow says. There's a nurse out at the desk now—cute little trick. Whyn't you ring your bell and get her in here and we can take her along. I can carry you both. But hold on a minute he said. You can't get out—this window's barred. Well I'll be darned said Mr. Pope I hadn't noticed that. But anyway Ed I couldn't go. They'd miss me. How's everything at home?

Not so good said Ed. That's one reason I came over. I think you ought to come home Wilbur. Aunt Edith is certainly stirring up the mud. She got your wife to ask that guy Coleman to dinner tonight. He brought up that old business about your bragging how I could talk. I was just outside the window—I'm keeping an eye on your interests Wilb. Anyway he was kind of hinting around—in a sort of a nasty joking way you know—and then auntie jumps in with the whole story. Your wife tried to shush her but auntie says Now Carlotta it's as well to face the facts. I've had a little talk with Dr. Coleman. He says there's nothing wrong with Wilbur's arm. And of course as he can't talk to Dr. Kendall he thinks it's important to find out just why Dr. Kendall sent Wilbur to the hospital.

And then this Coleman squirts his poison. He says as far as he can see you are O. K. *physically*—and then he kind of pauses and says You see Mrs. Pope I am responsible now and if there are any little ways in which Mr. Pope has seemed to you—well—eccentric— Well there's one thing I'll say for your wife Wilb—she certainly sticks up for you when you're not around. Boy did she put that guy through the mangle! They came out on the porch about then so I had to duck and didn't hear any more.

WELL said Mr. Pope to tell you the truth Ed I don't like this much. Neither do I said Ed. They've got you headed for the booby hatch if you ask me. Why don't you get out of here? I couldn't get by the desk tonight without a row said Mr. Pope. I'll wait till tomorrow and have it out with Coleman. Maybe that's best said Ed. Well I ought to start back. I want to have another peek at that fat guy in the blue pajamas. You'd have died if you could have seen him Wilb. I don't want him to see *you* Ed said Mr. Pope. You'll get us in trouble. I won't let him see me said Ed I just want to give him a giggle. Like this. And Ed giggled.

Well just as he did so although Mr. Pope didn't know it a nurse came into the room. She saw Mr. Pope's back as he stood at the window and she heard that shrill inhuman giggle and she put the two together and fled. Mr. Pope shushed Ed and got back into bed just as she came in again. There was an older nurse with her. Did you —we thought we heard you laughing said the nurse uncertainly. O yes said Mr. Pope I heard it too. Out in the grounds somewhere I think. They looked at him steadily and the older nurse said It's pretty late—oughtn't you to try to get some rest? Perhaps you're right said Mr. Pope. So they cranked his bed flat and put out the light. But when they went out they left the door open.

Well Dr. Coleman came in early next morning and Mr. Pope went right at him. Look here Coleman he said do you think I'm crazy or something? My dear fellow! said Dr. Coleman laughing. What an odd question! My shoulder's all right now said Mr. Pope. I suggest that you let me go home. As far as your shoulder goes that's a perfectly reasonable suggestion said Dr. Coleman. But you see I'd have to have Dr. Kendall's approval. I hope to talk to him tomorrow. Well Mr. Pope argued but Dr. Coleman was firm. Another day's rest won't hurt your shoulder a bit he said.

Yeah? said Mr. Pope when he had gone. Well I'm going anyway. But when he went to get his clothes they weren't there. Good Lord he said this is serious! To go wandering around Westchester in pajamas would be just handing his sanity to Aunt Edith on a silver platter so he started another detective story. The thing to do was wait and tell Mrs. Pope the truth when she came that afternoon. But she didn't come. Instead Aunt Edith showed up. Carlotta wasn't feeling well she said so she'd come over to see if there was anything he wanted.

I WANT to get out of here said Mr. Pope but this man Coleman's acting very strange about it. He's even had them hide my clothes. Well Wilbur said Aunt Edith I do hope you're not going to be difficult about it. I felt it was so sensible of you to come in here voluntarily. It is unfortunate that you have taken such a dislike to Dr. Coleman. He says that if you could only bring yourself to be as frank with him as you have been with Dr. Kendall it would be so much better for you.

I see said Mr. Pope—you all think that I told Bill I was cuckoo. Then he laughed. I must say he said you were rather courageous to come here. I suppose Coleman told you I wouldn't get violent. But frankly I don't think he understands my case very well. Sometimes you know it just comes over me all at once. Mr. Pope glared at her and got slowly to his feet. I remember he said for how many years you've been trying to break up our marriage and then— He raised his hands slowly and Aunt Edith gave a low howl and bolted.

That was a silly thing to do said Mr. Pope to himself. Now what in blazes can I do? But the day dragged on and he didn't think of anything. So he read some more and had dinner and at last at nine o'clock he heard a Psst! and Ed was at the window.

Look Wilb said Ed you got to get home right away. That aunt woman and the doc have been working on your wife. He's there to dinner again. And she's been cryin' all afternoon. That doc's been telling about a lot of cases just like yours—people that thought spirits talked to 'em and so on. It's pretty convincing. Gosh I have my doubts about you now myself. But here—get busy on these window bars. I brought you this screwdriver.

Well it took half an hour but they weren't interrupted and as soon as the bottom screws were out they bent two bars apart and Mr. Pope was off and away. Ed went cross-country and nobody saw them. Boy! he said I'm glad to get you out of that place! We'll throw a scare into Aunt Edith that'll explode her pompadour. No funny business now Ed said Mr. Pope. Eh? said Ed. No no of course not. Just drop me off at the side door so I can sneak in and get some clothes on said Mr. Pope. O sure sure said Ed.

But Ed had his own ideas about

how things should be done. Aunt Edith and Dr. Coleman were sitting on the porch talking in low tones when there came the thud of hoofs on turf and a shrill screaming neigh. They jumped up and then as Ed with his pajama-clad rider clattered up the steps toward them they yelled in unison and dived—Aunt Edith under the porch hammock and Dr. Coleman over the rail into the night.

Well Mrs. Pope had been up in her room and she rushed down just as Mr. Pope having sent Ed off to the stable was trying to coax Aunt Edith out from under the hammock. Wilbur! she exclaimed and threw herself into his arms. It's all right darling he said. That fool Coleman wouldn't let me out of there so I got someone to bring Ed over. Look—you don't think I'm cuckoo do you? O Wilbur said Mrs. Pope I don't know what to think! It's —it's so confusing and queer! I can straighten it all out said Mr. Pope but I must get dressed.

So he went upstairs. While he dressed he heard a good deal of talking and moving around in Aunt Edith's room which was on the ground floor under his bedroom and when he went down Mrs. Pope came out to him. I don't know what to say Wilbur she said. I wish you hadn't come back in quite this way. It looks— Sure said Mr. Pope it looks queer all right. But Bill can explain when he gets well. I got him to send me to the hospital so I wouldn't have to be here while Aunt Edith was staying with you. Only we can't tell them that. It wouldn't be fair to Bill. But what on earth *can* we tell them? said Mrs. Pope. We'll have to stick to it that I really did have a bum arm said Mr. Pope. You try to quiet Aunt Edith down while I go out and rub Ed down. We galloped all the way.

Ed wasn't in the stable but Mr. Pope found him finally behind some shrubbery peering into the open window of Aunt Edith's room. Come come Ed he whispered you ought to have more dignity than to be going in for this Peeping Tom stuff. Gosh you certainly messed things up! I'm afraid I did Wilb murmured Ed. But do a little peeping yourself. Listen!

AUNT EDITH was standing in the room and as Mr. Pope crept closer he saw the door open and Dr. Coleman come in. I got Dr. Bancroft on the phone said Dr. Coleman and I'll drive over to the hospital now and pick him up. But said Aunt Edith you can't leave us alone in the house with that madman! I'm sure he's quite harmless said Dr. Coleman. You just stay in your room. But he must be put under restraint immediately! said Aunt Edith. Of course said Dr. Coleman but Bancroft will have to see him first with me. You just leave it to me.

Ed nudged Mr. Pope and they walked over to the stable. Looks like they'd got you in the grinder Wilbur said Ed. Anyway until Kendall gets on his feet again. Say listen. I've got an idea. You go on in the house and leave this to me said Ed. And as it was all he could do Mr. Pope did.

Mrs. Pope was in the living room and Mr. Pope sat down beside her. Thank heaven *you* don't think I'm a lunatic anyway Carlotta he said. Well you've certainly acted like one said Mrs. Pope and what on earth we're going to do about this psychiatrist that Dr. Coleman's bringing— The worst thing is she said that you threatened Aunt Edith. Mr. Pope remarked gloomily that the whole situation looked like the worst thing to him.

Pretty soon a car swished into the drive and a minute later Dr. Coleman came into the room followed by a tall gray-haired man. The Popes got up and Dr. Coleman introduced them to Dr. Bancroft who fixed piercing eyes on Mr. Pope and said Now suppose

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

Every Thursday and Saturday

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

	P.M.		P.M.
Baltimore . . .	WBAL 8:00 E.S.T.	Los Angeles . .	KHJ 7:30 P.S.T.
Boston	WAAB 9:00 E.D.T.	Minneapolis	KSTP 9:15 C.S.T.
Buffalo . . .	WGR 10:00 E.D.T.	New York . .	WOR 9:00 E.D.T.
Chicago . . .	WGN 8:00 C.D.T.	Philadelphia	WFIL 9:00 E.D.T.
Cleveland . .	WHK 8:00 E.S.T.	San Diego . .	KGB 7:30 P.S.T.
Detroit . . .	WXYZ 8:00 E.S.T.	San Francisco	KFRC 7:30 P.S.T.
		St. Louis . .	KWK 7:00 C.S.T.

we just sit down and talk things over quietly. And at that moment from behind the closed door of Aunt Edith's room there came a high inhuman giggle followed by a shriek.

Good heavens! said Dr. Bancroft and Dr. Coleman rushed to the door and tried to pull it open but it was locked on the inside. And then again came the insane giggle followed by the sound of a gabbling voice—or two voices—it was hard to tell. Then the crash of an overturned table and frantic rattling of the doorknob and the door flew open and a disheveled Aunt Edith plunged into Dr. Coleman's arms. O doctor that terrible horse! she panted. He said things—horrible things. And then *laughed!* O! and her eyes turned up and she fainted.

Dr. Bancroft stepped quickly to the door and looked in. Then he turned with raised eyebrows and a shrug to Dr. Coleman who was bending over Aunt Edith. Nothing there he said. Of course there's nothing there said Mr. Pope. I'm very sorry this happened gentlemen he went on. We've rather tried to protect Aunt Edith. Even to the extent he said with a faint smile of my almost having to take the rap for her. You see he went on she's always had this odd idea about a horse. The things she told you about me Dr. Coleman were merely a transference. I don't know much about these things but as I get it she transfers her own hallucinations to me somehow.

Dr. Bancroft nodded at him. O yes he said it's not at all uncommon. Well Coleman if she's coming around I think—unless Mr. Pope would like us to stay for a little—? Not at all necessary said Mr. Pope. Carlotta will get her to bed and she'll be quite all right in the morning. I'm sure she will said Dr. Bancroft who was plainly anxious to go. Come Coleman he said sharply and the younger man still looking very puzzled said an unwilling good night and they left.

WHEN Mr. Pope came back from the door Aunt Edith was sitting up and Mrs. Pope was holding her hand. You must get me into town she was saying. I wouldn't spend another night in that room. Now Aunt Edith said Mr. Pope I do hope you're not going to be difficult. You know he said I'm afraid Dr. Coleman feels that you haven't been perhaps any more frank with him than I was. Funny isn't it how the horse sort of came home to roost?

Aunt Edith glared at him. I begin to see she said tightly. That horse that spoke to me—it was some abominable hoax. Well I warn you Wilbur— Let me warn *you* Aunt Edith interrupted Mr. Pope. We have two doctors—one a psychiatrist—as witnesses that you claim to have been insulted by a horse. In that case I think any further pressure on Carlotta to get rid of me would be most unwise. Also there's another point. A person who hears horses talking would hardly be considered capable of administering a trust fund. I suggest therefore that it might also be unwise to withhold on any pretext any part of the full amount of interest earned for Carlotta each quarter.

Well Aunt Edith continued to glare but Mr. Pope faced her calmly and after a minute she threw up her hands. Help me pack my bag Carlotta she said. I'm leaving.

When Mrs. Pope had taken Aunt Edith to the station Mr. Pope went out to see Ed. Well I've got to hand it to you Ed he said and told him what had happened. But what did you say to her? he asked. Nothing said Ed I just stuck my head through the window and waggled my ears and gave her the old giggle. But you said something insisted Mr. Pope—something horrible. She said you did. Yeah? said Ed. Well maybe I did Wilb. You know how I am—always polished and courtly. And being alone with a lady in her bedroom—well maybe I did pay her a compliment or two. Gosh! said Mr. Pope I hope not. I know your compliments. Ed winked at him. You don't know this one Wilb he said and you never will. Mr. Pope decided that it was better to let the matter drop.

THE END

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Sanctuary

BY

LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

THE planes awakened him as he lay asleep on the sunny bank. He started up, straining his eyes toward them. They zoomed in perfect formation across the evening heavens, and on the earth their shadows fell, projected by a sun dipping near the horizon.

"It has come!" he muttered. He had always known that it would come again, would once more overtake them all: himself and his daughter Gerda and little Elsa and the boy Kurt.

Near where he had stretched himself to rest in the sun, Elsa held the field flowers she had been gathering and looked upward, too.

"Run," he told the little girl. "We must run!"

He saw, as he had seen before, the smile struck from her baby face.

"You frighten me," she said in her quaint old-fashioned way. "Why do you frighten me so, grandfather?"

She was puzzled. Children, thank God, didn't always understand. They accepted life as it came.

He pointed upward. The planes were zooming lower; the sound of them throbbed in one's ears. The child's face altered. She didn't cry. She had learned to take hunger and hurt and fear without crying.

"Take my hand," he said. "We must run. Your mother—"

Not far up the road was a small white house. It had been a mere cabin of a place, empty and dilapidated, until they had been given the right to use it; now it was white and shining and already there were flowers growing about it.

A woman ran out of the doorway and called to them. She stood then, aproned, the peaceful sunlight of early evening flooding her, and gazed upward, shielding her eyes with her hands. Then she saw the old man and the child hurrying toward her, and she began calling to them again.

He would have shouted back some dubious reassurance which he did not feel, but his breath was needed—for flight. Always flight, he thought.

It was all to a pattern. He had seen it before. Wherever there was still a place of peace, the sky would be ridden with demons and the earth become full of flame and destruction. Could one never escape? His confused mind groped toward something he had heard as a tale that is told—of a place where there was still security, still sanctuary, at least for women and little children and the defenseless old. It was as if, by hurrying now, he might reach it.

When you are old it is easy to get confused. Past, present—even future—had a trick of running together. Asleep or awake, he would dream of a valley he had known where his roots ran deep; a valley lush in summer's fulfillment, and bright in winter with blue shadows on the snow. . . . It had been in a bitter rain they had left, crowding a few possessions hastily into a cart afterward abandoned. After that he had been ill; how ill and for how long he could not compute, though in his intervals of consciousness he had reproached himself for being a burden. . . .

It had left him weak and muddled, but he was better. And now he must rouse himself again. There was Gerda, and little Elsa, and the boy Kurt.

"Run!" he encouraged the little girl beside him.

The smiling countryside on which his eyes now looked was very still, as if awaiting a shattering blow from the skies. There on the sunny bank he had dreamed of a world concerned only with birth and growth and mellow ripeness: brown fields, green meadows; streams and skies at peace. His heart cried out again for sanctuary.

His lips repeated, "Run, Elsa!"—as if the feet of a child and the legs of an old man could outdistance the brutalities of war. The machines men made flashed with the speed of light. Hastily glancing upward, he saw beauty in the skies—a flight of silver birds as the machines banked—and he knew it to be the terrible beauty of death.

Yet, as they had before, they might again find cover; might lie somewhere in a ditch close to the earth that was still an embracing Mother, while the flame of devastation swept overhead. When would it begin? When would the first explosion rock the earth? And where was the boy Kurt? He must be found. They must all be together, and find some hole in the earth. . . .

The woman was just ahead of them now.

"Gerda!" he cried. "Quick, we must find shelter. Shelter somewhere in the fields. Fetch Kurt and come!"

Gently, firmly, the woman took hold of him. She glanced down at the child who now clung to her skirts.

"You forget, grandfather," she said. "You do not shake off the past. You forget how far we have come."

He drew a hand across his eyes as she pointed to where this lesser road forked into the highway.

There, at a filling station, the man whistled as he fixed a tire. A boy with a stick herded cows across the road. From the door of a cottage a woman came, glanced casually up at the formation of planes, then called to some children to come to supper.

Slowly the old man's face relaxed. He could smile again.

He remembered now. At the crossroads was a white sign. The sign said: "U. S. HIGHWAY NO. 20. Boston 75 Miles."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

Jimmy Lydon in Tom Brown's Schooldays, famous story of student life at Rugby.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

SEEDLINGS OF EMPIRE

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS

THE PLAYERS: Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon, Josephine Hutchinson, Billy Halop, Polly Moran, Hughie Green, Ernest Cossart, Alec Craig, Gale Storm, Barlowe Borland, Forrester Harvey, Leonard Willey, Ian Fulton, Charles Smith, Dick Chandler, Paul Matthews, John Collum, Harry Duff. Adaptation and screen play by Walter Ferris, Frank Cavett, Gene Towne, and Graham Baker, based on the novel by Thomas Hughes. Directed by Robert Stevenson. Produced by Gene Towne and Graham Baker and RKO Radio. Running time, 86 minutes.

THOMAS HUGHES wrote this, back in 1857, as something of a labor of love, in tribute to his old headmaster at Rugby School, colored it with incidents of his own student life there in the 1830s. Headmaster Thomas Arnold took over the guidance of Rugby in 1828, tried to place character development above mere classic education. Bullying and hazing predominated in those days, brute force shadowed curious student codes of honor. Arnold, an odd combination of martinet and kindly, wise educator, tried to break down some of this.

If you know your childhood classics, you know the career at Rugby of young Tom Brown, set upon by the upper classmen, forced to shine the shoes and do menial services for the brutal young overlords of the school, sternly taught Latin, the classics, and all of England's age-old traditions. In fact, this filming, oddly enough, shows all the glories and all the weaknesses of Britain, for these young Rugby boys, in their silk hats and their class consciousness, personify the unchanging spirit of the old empire now with its back to the wall.

Tom Brown's School Days was a beloved book of two generations, yet it seems to me its screen appeal is curiously doubtful. It belongs to another era. Not that it isn't done conscientiously and carefully, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the headmaster, Jimmy Lydon as Tom Brown, and Freddie Bartholomew as his school pal, East. Casting a Dead Ender, Billy Halop, as chief of the Rugby bullies would seem to be Hollywood's oddest gesture for 1940, but one lad, Ian Fulton, as a student house head, reveals distinct possibilities.

Whether Tom Brown belongs to today depends upon your interest in his clashes with mass boyish cruelty and Latin verse, his love for hot murphies in the near-by tuckshop, his struggle to prove himself true to the traditions of Rugby. Out of this emerged the men who dominated the paths of war, colonization, and diplomacy for generations. In fact, it is the spirit of Rugby that hangs now in the balance of life or death.

VITAL STATISTICS: It was producer Gene Towne who explained why, with Graham Baker, he made this old-time school yarn. "Classics are free," he said. "We can't afford yet to hire Towne and Baker." . . . Original intention was to send a company to England to shoot the exteriors. Came the war. . . . Thomas Hughes, who wrote Tom Brown's School Days and Tom Brown at Oxford, died in 1896, age seventy-four. Hughes served in Parliament '65 to '74. . . . Sir Cedric Hardwicke was knighted in '34. Born in Lye, Worcester, England, in 1893. Father a doctor. A visit of Barnum and Bailey's Circus shaped his career, made him want to be an actor. Served in World War No. 1; rank, captain. Last British officer to leave the war zone. On London stage has done everything from Cap'n Andy in Showboat to George Bernard Shaw and Hamlet. . . . Freckled-faced, sixteen-year-old Jimmy Lydon has been in just two films, Back Door to Heaven and Two Thoroughbreds. On stage before that. . . . Billy Halop is an original Dead End kid. Accidentally got an authentic black eye from little Jimmy Lydon in the fight sequence. . . . It was a Rugby boy, one William Webb Ellis, who laid the foundation of present-day football by snatching up the ball (the year was 1823) and running with it to the goal. But this didn't change the game until the '60s, when the current English Rugby, with fifteen men on a side, developed. In Ellis' day practically the whole student body participated and the result was a jolly scramble. . . . About those two student songs used: Barbara Allen is mentioned by Sam Pepys back in 1666. The Lincolnshire Poacher was the marching song of Charles II's Tenth Foot Brigade—almost 300 years ago.

★ ★ ½ PRIVATE AFFAIRS

THE PLAYERS: Nancy Kelly, Hugh Herbert, Roland Young, Robert Cummings, Montagu Love, Jonathan Hale, Florence Shirley, G. P. Huntley, Jr., Dick Purcell, Leonard Carey, Mary Forbes, Douglas Wood, Granville Bates, Tim Ryan. Screen play by Charles Grayson, Leonard Spigelgass, and Peter Milne, based on a story by Walton Green. Directed by Albert S. Rogell. Produced by Universal. Running time, 75 minutes.

SKATING along the edge of being a really good adventure in whimsey, this turns out to be mildly amusing. It is the story of middle-aged

A schoolboy classic on the screen significantly reflects the backgrounds of Britain's destiny

Amos Bullerton, cast-off scion of the Boston Bullertons, who, for all his brave front of boutonnière and correct afternoon clothes, lives a precarious existence as call "boy" of a Wall Street brokerage house. The yarn revolves around his chance at a big job in Boston, how he beats down the animosity of the staid Back Bay Bullertons and makes good.

The affair is brightly played by Roland Young as the black sheep of the Boston Bullertons and by Hugh Herbert as a New York taxi driver who becomes his valet. Nancy Kelly is pleasantly decorative as Amos' long-estranged daughter. And Albert Rogell's direction has a sprightly touch.

This is almost an outstanding comedy.

VITAL STATISTICS: Brunette Nancy Kelly is nineteen, has been in films fifteen years. Debut at four in Untamed Lady with Gloria Swanson. Mother, Nan Walsh, was prominent on the stage. . . . Roland Young dodged following in the footsteps of his father, Keith Young, well known London architect. Became an actor in England in 1911. First film appearance in 1923 with John Barrymore in Sherlock Holmes. Married to the daughter of playwright Clare Kummer. . . . Robert Cummings is planning a South American air tour in his own monoplane. Holds a private pilot's license with an instructor rating. Always names his planes Spinach. Present one is Spinach III. . . . Woo-woo Hugh Herbert, "the man in the putty mask," recently resigned as prexy of the Tailwaggers Association, national organization of dog lovers. During his stage career as actor and playwright, Hugh wrote some 150 sketches. Authored the first all-talking picture, Lights of New York. . . . This yarn of Boston has just one authentic Bostonian in the cast. He's G. P. Huntley, Jr. . . . Montagu Love is sensitive about the spelling of his Christian name, No "e." Montagu was his mother's maiden name. . . . Universal used its permanently built New England street for a sequence of Private Affairs. You've seen the street in other pictures.

★★ WAGONS WESTWARD

THE PLAYERS: Chester Morris, Anita Louise, Buck Jones, Ona Munson, George Hayes. Guinn Williams, Douglas Fowley, John Gallaudet, Virginia Brissac, Trevor Bardette, Selmer Jackson, Charles Stevens, Wayne Hull, Warren Hull. Screen play by Joseph Moncure March and Harrison Jacobs. Directed by Lew Landers. Produced by Republic. Running time, 69 minutes.

A LUSTY Western melodrama with plenty of riding and shooting. All about twins, one a bad, bad lad, the other righteous and stalwart. Lawless Tom Cook rides roughshod over the law, is captured. Honest David Cook is a government enforcement agent and takes his place, thus to apprehend the murderous gang that dominates Mesa City.

Chester Morris plays both Cooks and does them very well. Anita Louise isn't very believable as a dance-hall girl in love with bad Tom Cook. Ona Munson makes her sister, also an entertainer of the rowdy Bonanza Café, sympathetic and human. George "Gabby" Hayes has a lot to do to help things along as a crotchety '49er who continually is losing his store teeth.

This depends upon the simplicity of your celluloid tastes. But Wagons Westward is several degrees above the average cowboy opus.

VITAL STATISTICS: Chester Morris is an amateur magician of note, vice-president of the Society of American Magicians, or Los Magicos, as they call themselves. Other members are Edgar Bergen, Harold Lloyd, Nelson Eddy, and Jimmy Stewart. . . . Buck Jones has been absent from films for nearly two years. Rated among top cowboy stars for eighteen years. . . . "Gabby" Hayes was born in Wellsville, New York, was a semipro baseball player, drifted to the stage. After years of precarious trouping, Gabby says it's swell to have a nice home in the Hollywood hills. Shares it with the wife he married twenty-six years ago. . . . Charles Stevens is an authentic redskin, grandson of the famous Geronimo. . . . Guinn (Big Boy) Williams is a high ranking polo ace on the Coast. Has the coveted "5" rating. Hobby is raising polo ponies. . . . Ona Munson is the only woman squash-racquet player in Los Angeles. Plays every Sunday at the Men's University Club. . . . Chester Morris' Man Friday is Eddie MacKenna, ex-boxer, who trains him, watches and arranges his diet, answers his fan mail, acts as his stand-in, even arranges his contracts and personal-appearance tours.

Short Review:

★ **ANNE OF WINDY POPLARS** (RKO Radio). Dated is hardly the word for this gentle filming of Miss L. M. Montgomery's Pollyanna fable of Prince Edward Island seen through the glasses of life-as-it-never-was. Here you have a grown-up Anne Shirley of Green Gables, played by Anne Shirley, winning over a despotic old woman and a mass of rebellious students in the community where she teaches. The love interest is supplied by a young medico (Patric Knowles). Homespun heartbreak is what the producers call this. Maybe your Beverly Hills is hard-boiled, but this seems to me to be a pretty stiff dose of sweetness and light.

---

by LISTENER

CLASSICAL

★★★½ BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 4 in B Flat Major.* Arturo Toscanini and the BBC Symphony Orchestra (Victor Album 676). Superbly performed and faithfully recorded. The joyous Beethoven is particularly welcome in this Toscanini interpretation.

★★★½ TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 5 in E Minor.* The Cleveland Orchestra, Artur Rodzinski, conductor (Columbia Set 406). Straightforward, well conceived reading of this popular symphony. The orchestra's rich tone is magnificently captured.

★★★ SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 8 in B Minor (Unfinished).* Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter (Victor Album G 9). Excellent rendition of this melodious work by Mr. Walter and the orchestra . . . one of Victor's low-priced "black label classics."

★★★ LISZT: *Orpheus.* Howard Barlow, conducting the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony (Columbia Set X-165). Colorful, imaginative tone poem sensitively performed by both conductor and orchestra.

OFF THE BEATEN PATH

★★★ BRAHMS: *Piano Quintet in F Minor* (piano missing). The Rothschild String Quartet (Columbia Set S-33). A chance for aspiring pianists to "add-a-part" to a performance by this distinguished group. Conveniently arranged for home use.

★★★ STRINGFIELD: *Moods of a Moonshiner.* Lamar Stringfield (flutist) and String Quartet (Royale Album 35). Interesting American composition . . . three contrasting movements capably rendered, with the composer as soloist.

★★★ *Standard Guitar Selections.* Julio Martinez Oyanguren (guitarist) (Decca Album 118). Works ranging from *La Paloma* to Brahms' *Waltz in A Major* impeccably played by guitar virtuoso.

POPULAR

★★★½ *I Haven't Time to Be a Millionaire.* Bing Crosby with John Scott Trotter's Orchestra (Decca 3161). Melodious easygoing number sung in Bing's inimitable style. *April Plays the Fiddle* is on the other side.

★★★½ *I'll Never Smile Again.* Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra (Victor 26628). Unique vocalizing by Frank Sinatra and the Pied Pipers . . . backed by trombone, reed section, and delicate celesta playing. *Marcheta,* on B side, is done in powerful swing style.

★★★ *The Breeze and I.* Horace Heidt's Orchestra (Columbia 35498). Unusual arrangement smoothly played by the orchestra and well sung by Larry Cotton. *Hear My Song, Violetta,* with same vocalist, is on reverse.

★★★ *Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga.* Charlie Barnet's Orchestra (Bluebird 10743). Snappy rendition of novelty rumba-fox trot. . . . Mary Ann McCall does well with the lyrics. *Lament for May,* on B side, is a Barnet original.

★★★ *Blue Lovebird.* Kay Kyser's Orchestra (Columbia 35488). Haunting melody tastefully sung by Ginny Simms. *The Nearness of You,* on the other side, features brass choirs behind Harry Babbitt's vocal.

★★★ *Adored One.* Wayne King's Orchestra (Victor 26629). A gracious waltz played with finesse by this well balanced orchestra.

★★★ *Mister Meadowlark.* Benny Goodman's Orchestra (Columbia 35497). Crisp playing by the band . . . effective vocal by Helen Forrest. *Crazy Rhythm,* on reverse, gives the hot soloists a chance.

SWING

★★★½ *Never No Lament.* Duke Ellington's Orchestra (Victor 26610). The Duke's piano, the band's wonderful ensemble work, and Johnny Hodges' alto sax are outstanding. *Cotton Tail* is faster . . . features Ben Webster's tenor sax solo.

★★★ *The Sheik.* Benny Goodman's Sextet (Columbia 35466). Brilliant improvisations on an old favorite . . . Johnny Guarnieri's piano sparkles. *Poor Butterfly,* on the other side, is taken at a relaxed tempo.

★★★ *When It's Sleepy Time Down South.* Louis Armstrong's Orchestra (Bluebird 10703). Reissue of a 1932 record . . . characteristic Armstrong vocal lead-into one of his greatest trumpet solos.

A chronicle of new battle in America's war on racket rule

WOLVES IN THE WINDY CITY

The sheets almost sold themselves. To be sure, some of the bookies were stubborn.

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

WHEN Al Capone left Chicago for points west, the bootleggers, hijackers, rumrunners, and racketeers considered going back to such ill-paid professions as safeblowing, burglary, highway robbery, purse-snatching, and pandering.

In this crisis several leaders stepped forth, among them Nitti "the Enforcer" and Dennis Cooney. But these hadn't much to offer. The mobsters yearned for shorter cuts to the long green.

And bang! Like the answer to a pickpocket's prayer came the Annenberg inspiration.

To the mob youth of Chicago, Moe Annenberg's was a horse voice crying out in the depression wilderness. Though he didn't ask for volunteers, they followed him to new greenback pastures.

There was more money to be made in racing information, they found out, than in prohibition. They didn't have to pay so much money for protection—or for permission to operate. And they didn't have to split with anybody except Annenberg himself. Nobody failed to make a lot of money following Annenberg.

His first step on the road to empire was the purchase of the Daily Racing Form, the bible of the turf. This publication was owned by a Frank Brunell, and it netted him about $400,000 a year.

Annenberg and his associates, Joseph D. Bannon, W. J. McMurray, Hugh E. Murray, and J. A. Moore, made Brunell an offer for it, which Brunell spurned. Annenberg subsequently made another offer, after he had threatened to establish a rival publication. This offer, $400,000, was accepted. Moore and McMurray later sold their interests to the others in the combine, and Bannon and Murray sold out to Annenberg after a quarrel.

These two men, Bannon and Murray, owned some stock in Annenberg's Baltimore Brevities. They, Annenberg, and others were indicted

in 1933, on a charge of sending obscene matter through the mails. The case against Annenberg was dismissed, and nobody had been hurt except some lesser fry who pleaded guilty and went to jail. Bannon and Murray, who were acquitted, resented having been mixed up in the affair, demanded an accounting, and after a bitter court fight managed to withdraw with a million or more apiece.

Annenberg was left with nothing but the Racing Form, a gold mine.

After this publication had come into his control, Annenberg desired to obtain Mont Tennes' wire information service, known as the General News Bureau. Tennes, an old Chicago gambler, was reluctant to part with his business. He had a good thing and he knew it. But eventually he sold it and became an investment banker. Jack Lynch, gambler and saloonkeeper, and Tennes' nephews, Edward and Lionel Lenz, got 50 per cent of it. Annenberg obtained the other half.

The fact that Tennes' home was bombed had nothing to do with his decision to sell. He says so himself.

James M. Ragen was appointed to look after Annenberg's investment in the General News Bureau. And he did a spectacular job.

SCANNING the entries in the ledger one day, Ragen, according to witnesses before the United States Attorney, asked a question: What was the meaning of the item, one hundred dollars a week for run-down sheets? It was explained to him that those were the sheets the bookies hung on the wall—sheets giving the names of the horses and the jockeys, the odds, and so on. Every bookie, he was told, had to have run-down sheets.

Ragen said he knew that, and inquired where the hundred dollars came from. The answer, according to the witnesses, was that it came from Charles W. Bidwell, secretary of the American Turf Association, president of the Illinois Turf Association, and president of Bentley, Murray & Co. Bidwell, Ragen was told, printed the run-down sheets and distributed them. The General News Bureau gave Bidwell the "dope" for them.

Ragen expressed astonishment that this "dope" should have been furnished for a mere hundred a week, and ordered a different arrangement. The business, he said, was to be taken away from Bentley, Murray & Co. and given to a pal of his own. A Universal Publishing Company was to be organized and the pal made president of it. His salary need be no more than a hundred a week, and the General News Bureau would make some real money.

The Universal Publishing Company made a contract with the General News Bureau, by which it gained the exclusive right to print wall sheets and to furnish them to General News Bureau customers in the Chicago area.

On the same day Universal contracted with Bentley, Murray & Co. for the printing of wall sheets and their distribution. Bentley, Murray & Co. was to retain 40 per cent of the net earnings from the sale of wall sheets until it had received $25,000. After that the percentage declined for Bentley, Murray & Co., and increased to as high as 80 per cent for Annenberg.

The business grew so fast that even Annenberg was astonished. The president was let out of the firm. Ragen took charge of everything. His battle cry was "Let's make millions!" It is a fact, disclosed by United States District Attorney Campbell and the bookkeepers of the Internal Revenue Department, that they did.

The wall sheets, and all the other dope sheets, almost sold themselves. To be sure, some of the bookies were dull-witted or stubborn. These had to be taken care of—in a tactful way. If they were smart they accepted a partner, kept their mouths shut, and made more money than they had ever dreamed of.

During the years 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, according to memoranda collected by United States Treasury agents, the bookies kicked in something over twenty million dollars to Annenberg for his wire services alone. Some bookies used leased wires. Others bought information, "at reduced rates," over telegraph wires and teletype tickers. These were saloonkeepers, owners of minor gambling houses, and proprietors of corner drug and grocery stores catering to the housewives in their neighborhoods.

The wall-sheet business was established in city after city. Annenberg had made his reputation as a distributor of newspapers, magazines, and tipster sheets. He had at least sixteen different distributing corporations under his domination. He had many independent distributors working for him, paying him anywhere from $2,000 to $18,000 or more a year for the privilege of selling his various publications. He handled the wall-sheet business in much the same way—and jacked up the prices every now and then. He never tried to take all the profit. He believed in giving the boys a little cut.

HE made so much money out of wall sheets he didn't seem to know what to do with it. According to Arthur Madden, ace Treasury agent in Chicago, he gave it to his wife. Income-tax returns showed an outlay of from $10,000 to $15,000 a month for "living expenses."

Treasury agents at first couldn't find where all the wall-sheet money went. There was nothing on the books of Bentley, Murray & Co. to indicate that that firm was in the wall-sheet business. But they discovered funds in a Chicago bank—restless money. It moved frequently from one bank to another. Currency checks were drawn against the balance regularly. It was delivered finally to Bidwell, who would retain some of it and deliver the balance—the 80 per cent or so—to one of the many Annenberg corporations.

Bentley, Murray & Co. reported none of this income on its income-tax returns. The General News Bureau reported not a penny of it. Lynch and the Lenz boys didn't get a penny of it—and were so indignant they went to court. They had been gypped, they said. Annenberg was using the facilities of the General News Bureau to make millions for himself and to shut them out of the feedbox. Not only that, but he had organized the Nationwide News Service, Inc., which was competing with General News and throttling it to death.

During the litigation and the feud that accompanied it, the body of George "Skeets" Downs was found in the Florida everglades. There was a lot of idle gossip about that. People said he was murdered in a war between Lynch and Annenberg followers for control of the Florida wall-sheet business—idle gossip that got nowhere.

When Lynch and the Lenz lads went to court with their grievance, Annenberg's attorneys uttered this gorgeous but accurate statement in his defense:

"Equity will not take jurisdiction, nor order an accounting, between participants in an illegal business; nor will equity aid and abet any one engaged in an illegal business to obtain from others his fair share of the profits resulting from said illegal business."

But there were so many nasty stories in the newspapers that Annenberg decided to hush up the matter by paying off his partners. He did so, buying their stock for $750,000.

BE FAIR TO YOUR HAIR
JERIS
HAIR TONIC
ANTISEPTIC APPLICATION
JERIS
ANTISEPTIC
HAIR TONIC
Your hair needs and deserves the Jeris "common-sense treatment." Use Jeris Antiseptic Hair Tonic to pep up scalp circulation, and remove every trace of loose, unsightly dandruff. Use Jeris, the dependable hair tonic to keep your hair always immaculately groomed.
AT DRUG STORES AND BARBER SHOPS

After that, he junked the General News Bureau and gave Nationwide News Service both spurs.

Before his wild ride ended, Annenberg had corralled nearly everything in the turf world. Eighty per cent of the bookies in the United States and Canada paid for his wire service and his scratch sheets. And millions of racing fans bought his tip sheets and his newspapers. He was the greatest inspiration the sure-thing guys had ever experienced. Yet he was constantly meeting with ingratitude.

He could suffer ingratitude and envy and malice with a certain equanimity perhaps. He could dismiss slights, accusations, insults, and attacks with phrases tantamount to "See my lawyer," or "That's what I get for giving a sucker a break."

But the mistakes of his bookkeepers he couldn't shrug away. They were on paper, sworn to, and filed as income-tax returns in the federal government's offices.

MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH MUSSOLINI

by

MAGDA FONTANGES

This is the woman who shot the Count de Chambrun—and did it in consequence of her love for Il Duce! Who would have expected from such a source, in a time like the present, with sidelights on the Axis dictators blacked out by their censorships, a frank revelation of the private life and personal motives of Benito Mussolini? Yet an amazingly frank one is on its way to you in the story Magda Fontanges tells.

Next Week in **Liberty**

And such silly mistakes! For instance, during the offensive against Lynch et al., his accountants figured his investment in the General News Bureau had become worthless because of "injurious competition." So they deducted $580,788.87 from his income, as a loss. It never occurred to them that the competition that made that investment worthless was competition from Annenberg himself.

So bookmakers made the Annenberg empire. And bookkeepers destroyed it. The bookmakers furnished him with something like ten million dollars a year. And the bookkeepers —Uncle Sam's — forced him into a dilemma that has cost him $9,500,000. A motion for probation from a three-year sentence is, at this writing, pending before the court.

The inspiration fled from the tracks when Annenberg fell. But the tracks remained, and there were still billions to be had. United States Attorney Campbell and State's Attorney Courtney attempted to cut off the approach to this sort of easy money by shutting off the wire service. One industry, which garnered revenues of $1,250,000 a year out of its racing-news wires, complied with the request. Another eventually was indicted.

The bookies were hampered but continued to fight, obtaining various kinds of sneak news services. Some of them used radio to relay news of the tracks to central points, and then used telephones. They organized phony corporations, stole phones delivered to their offices, and used them in their hide-outs. Federal, state, and city police went looking for these hide-outs, and had little trouble finding them. Here and there they discovered radio sets or other devices.

"You can't do anything to us," the prisoners said. "We were just talking over the telephone. Is it a crime to call up a pal over the phone?"

"It is in your case," Campbell answered. "With that radio hook-up. You are guilty of an offense against the Federal Communications Act."

Many were indicted on this charge.

All in all, the United States District Attorney's office had been a busy place. But it was to become still busier. For William Campbell thought of a law guaranteed to rid Chicago of the boogey men, the syndicate hoodlums who have for years preyed on legitimate and semilegitimate business, the crooks who have sacked Chicago.

"There's a law which requires every member of a partnership to state, on his partnership return, how much money the firm made during the year, what the profit or loss was, what sums he received as his share," Campbell explained. "Now, of course, all these bloodsuckers pay income taxes, and some have some respect for the government accountants.

"But not a single solitary one of these hoodlums has ever admitted in his return that he was a partner in any business. Not a man jack of them has given any information whatsoever as to his share in any partnership.

"Therefore each and every one of them can be sent to jail for a couple of years, and can be fined heavily too. That's the law."

The office of the United States District Attorney in Chicago is now digging up and collating evidence against these boogey men, and indictments will be returned soon.

The men who have so long terrified Chicago are on the way to the promised land of all boogey men—the shadows.

Many of them have already left town, "are on high."

The crooked politicians, certain judges who are corrupt and inefficient and stupid, the grafters, and the inept officeholders—they'll linger awhile in Chicago.

But the bookkeepers'll get 'em if they don't watch out.

THE END

DID your DOG SCRATCH FOR FLEAS TODAY

...then get busy at once— your dog may be in danger of tapeworms or sarcoptic mange

FOR AUTHORITY for that warning, read the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture Circular No. 338 which states that fleas and lice can transmit tapeworms and sarcoptic mange to dogs.

So, if your dog is scratching, act! It's far safer for you to take it for granted that he has fleas than to take chances.

Insure his complete riddance of those dangerous pests! Use a powder, preferably Pulvex, the powder that kills fleas with incredible speed. None ever revive to reinfest. Pulvex also kills any lice, ticks, sticktites your dog may have. *Kills fleas, too, when put on one spot. Amazing—unbelievable—but true!*

As Pulvex is borated, it makes a flea-bitten dog more comfortable by helping allay itching from scratching.

Use Pulvex according to the new "minute-a-week" control method and you absolutely protect your dog against flea infestation. Read about it in folder on can. If your dog is scratching, get a can of Pulvex Flea Powder now. At drug, pet and department stores, 50c.

ASK DEALER TO SHOW YOU THIS FOLDER

PULVEX FLEA POWDER

PULVEX FLEA SOAP oils and grooms the coat, deodorizes, cleans and destroys the fleas, only 25c!

CONJURED THOUSANDS

A fortune, tightly sealed in a strong box. One moment they saw it—the next it was gone. The seals on the box were untouched, yet it had vanished as surely as a coin in a magician's hand. Read

CONJURED THOUSANDS

in August

True Detective Magazine

On Sale at all Newsstands now

"A good mystery is better when it's true"

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WIVES of American war correspondents get into plenty of jams when they travel with their husbands. But there's one fix they don't have to worry about. They're never "all dressed up and nowhere to go."

Jean Denny, archaeologist, came home the other day after months of trekking along the trail of her newswriter husband, Harold Denny. Meeting her at the boat, her family here was shocked by her apparel. "Oh, I've got lots of clothes," she assured them, "only everything happens to be in Moscow, Paris, London, Egypt, Italy—or somewhere. We're always in a headlong hurry, leave our belongings behind to be forwarded, which they seldom are, so usually we reach the tropics swathed in furs; then back to arctic regions we rush, dressed in wispy chiffons."

Since last autumn Jean and Harold have managed to catch up with each other enough to spend fifteen widely spaced days together. Christmas night, in Paris, she listened to radio news of bombing at the Finnish front, where *he* was—and where he searched through the wrecked and frozen carnage of bombed Russian tanks for the body of the chauffeur who had worked for him in Moscow.

Jean kept house five years for Harold in the Soviet capital. Now she's writing a book about that. Had to journey across the frontier to buy a mousetrap that functioned—and when the Reds saw it they tested it as an infernal machine!

☆ Amy Vanderbilt works for her living, but this summer a number of people began to treat her as though she shared Vanderbilt millions. It puzzled her, until one frank friend said: "You can't fool us. You must be rich. You wear an orchid corsage every day." . . . Amy's daily *orchid*, she wants the unbotanical world to know, is nothing but a pedigreed iris from her father's garden.

☆ Certain places in Washington are famous for special things to eat. At Alice Roosevelt Longworth's house it's home-baked bread made of stone-ground flour from the old Pierce mill in Rock Creek Park. . . . Cocktail parties at the apartment of "Evie" and "Chip" Robert, popular Washington socialites, feature miniature California shrimp flown East by air express to be served with a deliciously light garlic dressing. . . . In the House of Representatives' dining room, as a tribute to Wisconsin members, the menu always includes hogshead cheese. . . . The backyard of author Frank Morse, railroad historian, is where grilled steaks are superlative, followed by *café brûlot* with the sugar and flaming brandy dripped into your cup through a silver strainer. . . . Mrs. Arthur H. Vandenberg's afternoon teas have brought celebrity to her crisp walnut-sized doughnuts called *Vandenbergers*. So many guests ask for the recipe that Hazel Vandenberg has had it printed on a doughnut-shaped folder to hand out on request.

☆ A couple of weeks ago I wrote about standard commercial doughnuts, but these *Vandenbergers* are something different. Do them as follows: To make a batch of about 40, beat together thoroughly 3 eggs, 2 cups granulated sugar, 2 cups warm mashed potatoes, 3 tablespoons melted butter. Add ¾ cup sour milk with ½ teaspoon soda stirred in it; then add 1 teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon nutmeg or mace. Work in 4 cups sifted flour; roll out dough a little at a time, using another cup sifted flour as needed. Don't have dough too soft. Fry in part Crisco, part Wesson. Test heat of fat by frying small pieces of dough. If they come to the top immediately, the temperature is right.

☆ I know a nearsighted serious-minded girl who has her troubles working as a waitress. She isn't flirtatious by nature, yet men often mistake her for a seething bundle of sex. "It's my eyes," she complains helplessly. "I'm so nearsighted I have to open my eyes very wide and stare hard, in order to focus on any one I am talking to. Men think blind ogling means passion, so they make passes, and that's a nuisance, particularly when I'm carrying a loaded tray."

☆ All kinds of American trips, tours, sports, and outings are detailed usefully in Robert Spiers Benjamin's excellent new book, The Vacation Guide. (Published by Whittlesey House.)

☆ Hotel business offers fascinating vantage points from which to observe life's ever-changing panorama. One day last week, as I sipped orangeade with Charles E. Rochester, who runs the Hotel Lexington in New York, I noticed his glance directed toward three ladies at a near-by table. "See there," he told me. "There's a grandmother with her daughter and granddaughter — all smoking cigarettes—and do you know what the grandmother is reading? She's looking up cross-continental planes in an airway timetable. Tomorrow, all by herself, she's flying home to San Francisco."

Truly ours is a new world! New ways! New freedoms!

"Yellowstone Park! I said: 'Drive through Central Park, New York!'"

This Is the Final Week!

$2,000
CASH PRIZE

BERNARR MACFADDEN
Editorial Quotation Contest

WITH the Bernarr Macfadden editorial in this issue and Coupon 10 on this page, Liberty's $2,000 cash prize contest reaches its final week. If you have kept your entry up to date during the earlier weeks of this game, you need but this final quotation to complete your set of ten selected sentences or paragraphs from Mr. Macfadden's editorials. Choose it with care after reading the editorial not only for the quotation but with the requirement of Rule 3 in mind.

Of course you have studied the preceding nine editorials as the contest progressed. Now comes the time to write a brief statement citing the one among the ten editorials that you have liked best and the reason for your choice. Include this statement with your ten quotations in completing and mailing your entry as directed. Winners will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty after the judges have arrived at their decisions.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated August 3, Liberty will publish a Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest coupon.

2. To compete, study carefully the Bernarr Macfadden editorial in each issue in which these coupons appear. Select from each editorial the sentence or paragraph you believe most worthy to be quoted for its power to awaken the reader to his duties as an American citizen. Copy the selected sentence or paragraph on the coupon appearing in the same issue. Use typewriter, pen and ink, or pencil. If you require additional space, paste the coupon on a larger sheet and continue your quotation on that.

3. Save all coupons until the end of the contest and submit them as a unit, together with a statement of not more than fifty words explaining, "The editorial in this series of ten that I liked best, and why."

4. The entry presenting the set of ten quotations which in the opinion of the judges best expresses the Macfadden ideal of patriotic Americanism, accompanied by the most convincing, logical statement, will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; 20 prizes, $10 each; 200 prizes, $5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Winning entries become the property of Liberty for publication wherever desired. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry.

6. Mail entries to Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Saturday, August 3, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

BERNARR MACFADDEN EDITORIAL QUOTATION CONTEST

COUPON NO. 10 (Paste this coupon on a larger sheet if you need more space)

New Advance in
FEMININE HYGIENE

Acts For Hours

Safe • No Caustic • No Poison • No Burning

Everywhere fastidious women are adopting this new, amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene! Not only to kill germs on contact, but to enjoy continuous action for hours—without injury to delicate tissue.

Called Zonitors—these dainty, snow white, *greaseless* suppositories spread a deep reaching protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria at contact. To cleanse thoroughly. To deodorize—not by masking—but by destroying odor.

Zonitors are most powerful *continuous-action* suppositories . . . gentle, safe for delicate tissue. Non-caustic, contain no poison. Don't burn or irritate. Help promote gentle healing.

Greaseless, Zonitors are completely removable with water. Nothing to mix, no apparatus needed. Come 12 in package individually sealed in glass bottles. Get Zonitors today at druggists. Follow this amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene women are raving about.

FREE *revealing booklet, sent in plain envelope, write Zonitors, 1804 Chrysler Bldg., New York City.*

Zonitors

PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS: People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.

Fretty Children

Have you noticed your children are ill-tempered and restless when traveling? This is due to motion upsetting their organs of balance—causing travel nausea or dizziness. Relieve this with ***Mothersill's Remedy.*** For the past 35 years ***Mothersill's*** has been successfully used as an aid in relieving and preventing travel nausea. Recommended for adults and children when traveling by sea, train, bus, motor or air. Write for booklet.

COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE

THE MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO., Ltd.
430 Lafayette St., New York

TRUTH ABOUT CORNS

● Corns are caused by pressure and friction. But now it's easy to remove them. Fit a Blue-Jay pad over the corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure. Special formula acts on corn—gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. By avoiding pressure and friction that caused corn, you can prevent its return. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters—25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** CORN PLASTERS

DAILY PRAYER IN NEW YORK CITY

STAMFORD, CONN.—One day while waiting for the departure of my train I strolled about a few of the side streets in the Grand Central area of New York City. My attention was drawn to one of the large churches by the number of people going in and out. For it was late afternoon of a business day.

Curiously I entered that church, and the sight that greeted me was one to be remembered. The bustle of a busy city was shut away. Shafts of sunlight coming through the stained-glass windows fell on a church half filled with men and women meditating in prayer.

The amazing thing was that these were not the old-lady-of-the-shawl type that we used to connect with churchgoing, but successful-appearing business people, and I thought that perhaps I saw a number of executives among them who had stopped at the end of the day to receive spiritual guidance on some weighty problem.

Time did not allow me a long stay, but I left that church with a very solemn feeling and the thought that perhaps here was the cure for the world's aches and pains. Later I looked in on several other churches in New York, and found the same scenes. Now, I felt, if this could take place in the largest city in the world—a city that is oftentimes called wicked—then there was food for thought for the rest of us outside of this great city.

Roger Babson, the great statistician and economist, says in his book The New Dilemma: "Although few of you believe in heaven and hell like your grandparents, it was this belief in heaven and hell which made this nation." Reading in some of the early histories of our great country, we often find reference to those hardy pioneers who explored and settled our West, stopping their wagons and kneeling with their families in prayer. Haven't we moderns, in our rush for material gain, perhaps lost this spiritual foothold?

We seem to have tried all other forms of panaceas to bring this country back to better times; but the greatest Physician of human affairs seems to have been left out of the general set-up. And why not consult Him? If we had to pay high fees for His services we would all be glad to do so. But we don't. He is there for us to consult, any time we want, by a simple prayer.

If we would turn to prayer more often, a smile would appear where there is now a scowl, a warm handclasp would replace the knife thrust, a kinder feeling toward ourselves and our own would prevail, and soon an army of Christian brotherhood would rise in other countries and put an end to the constant wars and strife among peoples.

How do I know that all this is so? Because I, too, have tried prayer, and it has brought me what no living being could: Peace within myself.—*George B. Nordman.*

PREHISTORIC MODELS

WICHITA, KAN.—We are told that our prehistoric ancestors contended with scaly-clad monsters on earth and in the air. Civilized (?) man now contends with man-made imitations in the form of armored tanks and planes.

Perhaps a beneficent Provi-

dence will rescue us from the plagues of our own creation, as our ancestors were relieved of the plagues of their times. —*Homo Sap.*

THEATER MARQUEE GRINS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Among the current theater marquees:

LILLIAN RUSSELL — I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE

IF I HAD MY WAY—FREE, BLONDE, AND 21

ONE MILLION B. C.—IT'S A DATE

HIS FAVORITE WIFE—'TIL WE MEET AGAIN

—*Ruth E. Ferguson.*

¶ **"Why can't one buy an American flag without wearing out one's feet?" inquires Sadie Oliver of Cleveland, Ohio. "I went into six stores before I could get one, and then it was so small—postage-stamp size—I couldn't wave it!"**

COL. FLEMING IS CURIOUS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I read with much interest Frederick Lewis' story on Aristocrats of the Criminal World (April 6 Liberty). I remember the circumstances very well indeed and was quite interested in the picture of Peters which appeared in the article. I had never seen his likeness and I have often wondered how he got by impersonating me—even now I wonder, because I can't note any resemblance between us.

I have always been curious to know how he happened to attach my name to himself. From my talks with the people whom he duped, I gathered that he knew considerable about my personal and family history, certainly enough to get by.

The first purchase you mentioned is one of many which came to my notice. In the specific case you mentioned, he went to the Springdale Dog Palace in New York, bought two grown Airedales, had one of them shipped to Lieutenant Fleming at West Point and the other one shipped as a gift to Major Smedley D. Butler of the Marines in Washington. Both dogs arrived at their destinations. My station at that time was Vancouver Barracks, way out west in the State of Washington, and the first news I had was a letter from the adjutant at West Point asking me what I wanted done with the dog.

After that he bought pianos, cases of whisky, sextants, chronometers, surveying instruments, encyclopedias, and a considerable amount of furniture. These were just a few of the many items he bought. Most of them were shipped addressed to me at various army stations around the country. This all caused me considerable embarrassment, and once or twice I was actually sued by the merchant involved. Of course I was always able to explain my innocence.

It was when he bought a steamship ticket in Philadelphia that he was finally caught up with. He tried the same game twice, once on Saturday afternoon and again in another agency the next Monday morning. The word had gotten around at that time and he was nabbed.—*Philip B. Fleming, Colonel, Corps of Engineers; Administrator, U. S. Department of Labor, Wage and Hour Division.*

¶ **George A. Tarr of Rockland, Maine, predicts: "Look for Adolf Hitler's death inside of ninety days from May 9, 1940. His death will occur between 7 and 11 A. M. (German time)."**

MODERN ART BISCUITS?

PARKVILLE, MO.—Being a woman with a yen for back-fence news, I quickly turned to the June 15 Vox Pop pages.

Don't know who does the Vox Pop cartoons, but am curious to know if they really bake biscuits in muffin tins out in Humboldt, Arizona, or was Dora Belle Lee just an old-fashioned bride who didn't know how to make biscuits? I pine to know.

Somehow the sight of a rolling pin and a muffin tin sitting side by side indicates some one is all wrong—or is this cartoonist one of these modern art fellows?—*Ruth E. Riley.*

¶ **"'Dot,' as your scandalmongering senator's anonymous daughter calls herself," is an apt name for her," declares Gene Miller of Los Angeles, California. "She must have one for a brain."**

POP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SING THIS, SLEEPY DRIVER!

SAN SIMON, ARIZ.—Speaking of falling asleep at the wheel: Better find a remedy. We shall have a law, some day, against driving longer than eight hours, even for the man who is driving his own car. If singing will help, sing this:

It matters not, I have oft been told,
Where the body is laid when the heart grows cold;
But grant of me this boon, I pray,
And bury me not on the lone highway.
—*J. Le Roy Lancaster.*

ACH, DU LIEBER!

LAFAYETTE, LA. — Pauline Kohler musta caught hell. Her uniform as drawn in Upstairs and Down in Hitler's House (June 22 Liberty) has no embroidered swastika over the heart!—*Francis Guchereau.*

APPLE-POLISHING US

DULUTH, MINN. — David Manuel, in his Time Tells (June 15 Liberty), is so intent upon "apple-polishing" the gullible editors of Liberty in his theme, "Crime does not pay if the robberee has a Liberty Short Short to pass the time away," that he throws

integrity to the breezes and proceeds with a plot whose lack of veracity is glaringly questionable.

How can any one be so stupid (albeit cool) as to sit idly by and read aloud a Liberty story, instead of shouting for help, while an anonymous thief runs off with his *pecuniae?—Jerry Lindberg.*

¶ "A politician thinks of the next election; a statesman, of the next generation," announces F. C. Larrabee, Jr., of Phoebus, Virginia.

HAVE WE WEASEL TORPEDO?

PHILADELPHIA, PA. — In reading over We Have No Army! (June 1 Liberty) I was reminded of a Sunday night, maybe a couple of weeks ago, somewhere about 10.30 to 11.00 P. M., when I happened to tune in on the tail end of a broadcast and heard a chap telling about an invention of an American. As I understand it, it was an aerial weasel torpedo that was sent up into the air without being manned, traveling at the rate of twelve miles per hour, and having a magnetic attraction for airplanes; so much so that, like a weasel, from which it derives its name, it hunts them out in the air and destroys them.

Now, if they have anything like this and it works, as he said it does, and can be turned out in production, why for the sake of humanity doesn't Britain get hold of it? For, as I see it, if you can lick the airplane you can lick Hitler. This might be worth looking into.—*H. R. Watson.*

¶ "There is too much salesmanship and not enough workmanship," asserts Dorr W. Livenspire of Lima, Ohio. "There are thousands of ways that our schools have told our children to sell things but not one way to produce them."

CATS AND BABY'S BREATH

PROVIDENCE, R. I. — From time to time, I note you like to have a bit of animal lore in Vox Pop.

So—cats do not suck children's breath. It would be practically impossible for a cat, due to the shape and size of its mouth, to interrupt a child's respiration through both mouth and nose by sucking the child's breath, despite frequent stories of death in this manner. The only way that a cat may smother a child is for the cat to lie across a child's face. A cat usually seeks a soft and warm place to rest, and might choose to lie on a child's face or body for this reason, but not to suck the child's breath. — *Sybil O'Keefe.*

¶ Sings R. O. R. of Johnstown, Pennsylvania:

"Liberty's one that hits the spot
With something the others haven't got;
The squawks I see on the Vox Pop page
Are folks whose nickels die of old age."

THE APE IN TYPHOON

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Really, I couldn't keep laughing at your Vital Statistics regarding the picture Typhoon! (June 15 Liberty.) I worked every day on that production. The ape was a male, not a female—named "Skippy" rather than "Chippy"—and later became so dangerous that he now resides in the Griffith Park Zoo.

As for him being "playful," as stated, I would like to say he slapped down every one within reach—and hard!

So it seems that Beverly Hills' comment was neither vital nor statistical.—*One Who Slapped Skippy Down.*

HOOVER'S ADVICE SOUND?

MIAMI, FLA. — Herbert Hoover tells why the United States must keep out of the war (June 15 Liberty). We must not forget that he is the same Hoover who, as President, told France and England why they should grant Germany a debt moratorium. He said it must be done so the Germans could "get on their feet." They're on their feet, all right!

Was his advice sound?—*L. C. Arlington.*

¶ "Do not suppress the noble themes of your art staff," cries B. Polson of Kansas City, Missouri, "but encourage them in the production of bigger and better legs—and more of them!"

"It's a lawn-mower race, mom. Last one over to this side has to cut our back yard by himself."

Yellow Peril in the West

FULTON OURSLER

SOME WEEKS ago I was talking before a New England audience and the chairman announced the topic of the address as The Responsibilities of an American Editor in the Present Crisis. I told the audience that I would prefer to change the title to a more lurid one—The Confessions of a Sensationalist. All my professional life I have borne the charge of being a sensationalist, and I herewith plead guilty to the charge. It happens that I believe in constructive sensationalism; which is another way of saying that I believe in the truth. I am reminded of a story told me by an explorer friend who traveled in the far north. **HIS LIFE WAS IN DANGER** on one of his journeys and he was rescued by two young Eskimos. As part of his reward for their courage, he brought one of them, the following summer, to New York. He showed him the wonders of the metropolis—the view from the top of the Empire State Building, the bridges over the rivers and the tunnels below them, the subways, the elevated, and all the sights. Then the Eskimo went home and his fellow tribesmen gathered around to hear of what he had seen. **NOW THERE WAS** one thing most important in the code of ethics of this particular tribe of Eskimos —they hated a liar. They listened to tales of buildings as high as the clouds, of corridors under the waters, and they contemptuously spat on the ground. They could not believe such fairy tales. So the young traveler was ostracized. Even his sweetheart dropped him. He became a pariah on ice. **THE NEXT SUMMER** the explorer brought the second Eskimo to New York. He was shown all the wonders that the other had seen, but when the second Eskimo went home and his fellows asked him what New York was like, he replied that it was no different from up there. Everything just the same. **NOW MY PROBLEM** as an editor has been for many years to decide which one of these Eskimos I should imitate. Should I tell the truth about conditions in this country and abroad? Or should I go on assuring everybody that God's in His heaven: all's right with the world? Our readers know full well which Eskimo Liberty has imitated. We have told the truth, and many of those who would have ostracized us in the past are now fully aware that what seemed sensational in these pages a few years ago was, if anything, an understatement. **A PERFECT EXAMPLE** of this kind of journalism, seemingly sensational, may be found in an article which we shall publish next week. It is called Fifth Column in California, and the author—the ostensible author—is your old friend Jerry Lewis, who has written a number of sparkling sports articles for us. The real author is an important figure in the United States who does not feel that he can safely disclose his identity, so he gave the facts to Mr. Lewis, who wrote them virtually in the words of the real author. You will read it, perhaps, with incredulity. You will find it hard to believe the extent to which the Japanese have organized a fifth column on the western coast. You will doubt the possibility of transforming a fleet of fishing boats into an armada of destruction. Almost certainly you will doubt the plan of the fifth columnists to fire the oil reserves near the harbor of San Pedro and send rivers of burning oil flowing into the harbor waters, utterly without warning, to burn up our fleet before the ships have time to get up steam and escape. That sounds like the dream of a fanatical alarmist. Yet the sources of this information cannot be impeached. From Seattle down the western coast of North America and South America there are Japanese in great numbers. Some of them are loyal citizens of their adopted countries. Others of them are fifth columnists, organized as were the same kind of enemies within Norway, Holland, Belgium, and France. The time has come to face the fact that this country is swarming with the agents of other countries and that these other countries detest and despise the principles by which this nation is governed. It is no longer possible for any American to close his eyes to the fact that war looms ahead. If we are strong enough we may be able to avoid it. We must prepare. Not only with guns, tanks, planes, and men, but we must cleanse our house of dangerous aliens who would dynamite it while we sleep. For that reason we deliberately invite the attention of the judicious and the conservative to one of the most sensational articles ever published—Fifth Column in California, in Liberty next week. **OTHER GREAT FEATURES** to which we specially invite your attention next week include My Love Affair with Mussolini, by Magda Fontanges (you remember she shot Count Chambrun in Paris because he broke up this idyl of felicity). Did Stalin Poison Lenin? by Leon Trotsky; Golf Is a Goofy Game, by Richards Vidmer; a Theater Quiz, by George Jean Nathan; The Deserted Village—Hollywood, by Frederick Lewis; a brace of sterling short stories — Flames Without Heat, by Margaret E. Sangster, and A World Well Lost, by Alice Douglas Kelly; and installments of the interesting series, The War Days of Queen Elizabeth, by Mavis Cox, and Who Killed This Woman? by Harriette Ashbrook, together with the exciting finale of Money Talks, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and all the regular features of your favorite magazine. . . . **SALMAGUNDI:** A university is providing free instruction in aviation for young men who want to be pilots. This is being done at the Harvard Aviation Camp on Cape Cod. The first course of the Civilian Pilot Training Program, which lasts about eight weeks, provides, without any charge at all, instruction leading to a private-pilot certificate. It is open to undergraduates and graduates of any college or university between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six. For details apply to the Director of Civilian Pilot Training, Dr. W. Bollay, Pierce Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts. . . . Salute to four clever young people for a pamphlet called We're Tired of Life with Father. Quoting from its first page: "There comes a time in every young person's life when he has to seek his own road. Father spent most of his money on our education; we spent our own, too. Now we're all looking for dividends. We regretfully believe that the day of miracle-solutions is over, that our problems will be solved the way our fathers solved theirs—through the simple expedient of finding jobs and going to work. And work we will—for you or for some one, individually or collectively. Please let us know." And on the following pages are the pictures of Christine E. Ferguson, Arthur Walter Monks, Everett W. Whipple, and Cornelius S. McCarthy, with their qualifications, their educational histories, their ambitions, and their remarks. Every one of them sounds like a crackajack. Congratulations in advance to the employer lucky enough to hire them.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST 3, 1940

EDITORIAL

Bernarr Macfadden Wants to Be Secretary of Health
Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

'S Wonderful!.....William R. Cox 10
The Midnight Ride of Mr. Pope
Walter Brooks 44
Sanctuary—Liberty's Short Short
Leslie Gordon Barnard 48

SERIALS

The War Days of Queen Elizabeth —Part I.....Mavis Cox 7
Who Killed This Woman?—Part II
Harriette Ashbrook 17
Money Talks—Part IX
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 33
Wolves in the Windy City—Conclusion.....Edward Doherty 51

ARTICLES

Who Wins the Ball Games?
John Drebinger 15
Uncle Sherlock Puts on His Glasses
Frederick L. Collins 26
I Saw the French Army Collapse
Robert Low 37
Broadway Quiz...Walter Winchell 40
Why I Cannot Hate Hitler
Mahatma Gandhi 41

FEATURES

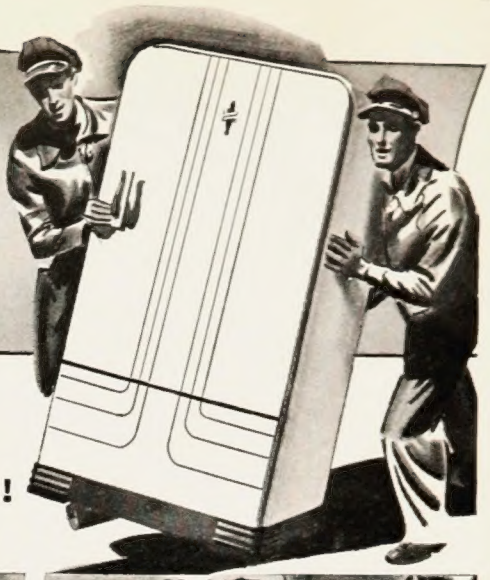
Crossword Puzzle, 42; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 49; Record Reviews by Listener, 50; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 54; $2,000 Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest, 55; Vox Pop, 56.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY DAN OSHER

QUESTION:

"What make of refrigerator do you expect to buy next time?"



Survey shows the *swing* is to the *Gas* Refrigerator—the only automatic refrigerator that freezes silently with NO MOVING PARTS!

1 **"You bet we're getting silence this time!"** says V. A. R. of New York. "Nothing but a Servel Electrolux for us. It simply can't make a noise. After our experience with another type refrigerator, that's all we need to know to make Servel Electrolux our first choice!"

2 **"Wearing parts? Not in our new refrigerator!"** agrees Mrs. J. L. L. of Hollywood. "We're changing to a Servel Electrolux. You see, a tiny gas flame does the work in it. There are no moving parts in its freezing system to wear; none to lose efficiency—even after long use."

3 **"Savings are mighty important**—especially when you operate on a budget. That's why our next refrigerator's going to be a Servel," explains R. L. of Brooklyn. "Friends who've had their gas refrigerator for ten years tell us it runs for as little now as it did when new . . . only a few cents a day!"

4 **"Naturally, I want the latest conveniences,"** says Mrs. D. W. of California. "And Servel Electrolux has them all—in addition to having the important things any woman looks for when she chooses her second refrigerator. I mean silence and long life. So, it's not surprising that I'm changing to the gas refrigerator."

Whether you are replacing your old automatic — or buying your first one—be wise to value, too!

Get all the facts before you decide on your new refrigerator. Ask these questions . . . You'll find that only with Servel is the answer **"YES"** to every one . . .

1. **Will it be permanently silent?**
2. **Will it give us longest service?**
3. **Will it save us money year after year?**
4. **Has it every worthwhile convenience?**
5. **Are we assured of dependable service?**
6. **Can we—right now—afford it?**

If you look at one refrigerator, look at Servel—if you look at more than one, look at Servel to see the difference!

The **SERVEL** **ELECTROLUX** *Gas Refrigerator*

Important

IF YOU LIVE BEYOND THE MAINS, THERE ARE MODELS TO RUN

ALSO ON BOTTLED GAS, TANK GAS OR KEROSENE

Write for details to Servel, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

and MILDER

and BETTER-TASTING

There you have it... good reasons why Chesterfield gives so much smoking pleasure to so many people.

Treat yourself to a package today and every day . . . you'll see at once the refreshing difference in Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

CHESTERFIELD

America's Busiest Cigarette

Copyright 1940, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.